Vol. CXXX. No. 1091.

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THE BYSTANDER, MAY 13, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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The Academy: By Peter Fleming

Summer Sport: By Howard Marshall

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4. Pen. fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, fcg. Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoelischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

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Bad Nauheim.—Pa'ast Hotel.—Most beautiful position, facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension fr. RM 10.

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Dresden.—Ho'el Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Uniquepos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Frankfurt-am-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM.4.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze, 1st.-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. Kurhaus, Opera and Parks. Pens. fr. RM.12.

Wiesbaden.—Gr'd Htl. Kaiserhof.—300 beds. First-class, in quietest pos. in own large park. Thermal water, Swim.-pool. Carl Konig.

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

HOLLAND.

Amsterdam.—Amstel Hotel.—First class. Splendid situation. Rooms incl. Dutch breakfast, from Fl. 4.50 upwards.

Amsterdam.—Bracks Doelen Hotel.—First class, quiet location, 120 beds, 40 bathrooms. From Fl. 4-5, incl. breakfast.

Amsterdam.—Hotel De l'Europe.—First class. 120 rooms. 40 bathrooms. Rooms from 4.50 (breakfast incl.).

Noordwijk.—Grand Hotel Huis Ter Duin.—500 beds. Best position facing sea. Golf, tennis, sunbathing, beautiful beach.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle—Three Kings Hotel.—(Trois Rois) On the Rhine. The Leading House.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage—with its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50.

Geneva.—La Residence.—First-cl. Resid. All comf. Spl. Roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air Rest. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond.—First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Lausanne.—Hotel Byron.—Modern; all comfs. H. & C. water. Private bths. Excel. cuisine. Diet fr. £4 10s., including bath and service.

Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest sit. on lake. Reasonable terms. Private sun & lake baths free for guests. Park, Tennis, Gar.

Lucerne.—Grand Hotel Europe.—The popular First-class Hotel with moderate prices.

Lucerne.—Palace Hotel.—Finest situation *right* on lake-front, quiet yet central. Pension from Frs. 15.

Lugano.—Grd. Hotel Eden.—Latest comf. All rms. fac. lake, wkly. terms "all in" S.Fr.98. Same house. **The Beau-Rivage.** Wkly. S.Fr.90

Ouchy-Lausanne.—Hotel du Chateau.—1st-cl. hotel in own park on the lake. Seat of Lausanne Conf. T'ms. RM. 5, Pens. fr. 12 up.

The Bystander, May 13, 1936

No. 1691. Vol. CXXX.

The BYSTANDER

Annabella Rides in the Row

Lovely, intriguing Annabella has been in England over three months, but so well incognito-ed that only "the trade" and her friends knew. She rides in the Park for fun and learns English for her new film—the first under her three years' contract with London Films, and, she thinks, one of the biggest jobs she 's had. It 's called *Wings of the Dawn*, is an adaptation of Donn Byrne's famous novel, *Destiny Bay*, and has horse-racing in England and Ireland as its background. It is to be made in technicolour, with Robert Kane producing and Glenn Tryon directing (*Broadway* and *Roberta* were his). A week or two ago Annabella was the star of a Curzon film : a French one called *Anne-Marie*

Howard Coster

Promoters of Employment: No. 3. John L. Baird

John Baird is the inventor of the televisor and the Managing Director of Baird Television, Limited, the company which he has formed to perfect and to manufacture his invention. Born in 1888, the son of a minister in Helensburgh, Scotland, John Baird was first successful in transmitting pictures by electricity in 1923; in 1925 he formed Television, Ltd., in 1927 the Baird Television Development Co., Ltd., and in 1929 the present company was made out of the two earlier ones, with a capital of £1,087,500, and with a large staff, most of whom are highly skilled technicians. Promotion of employment in television, like the science itself, is still in its infancy, but Baird's first big step has been made in securing, alone with the Marconi-E.M.I., the contract for supplying transmitting apparatus to the B.B.C. The new television station at the Alexandra Palace opens on July 1st, and with the institution of regular broadcasting there will in all probability be a demand for televisor-receivers similar to the post-war wireless boom, which has resulted in the regular use of over seven-and-a-half million receiving sets in this country

THE PASSING HOUR

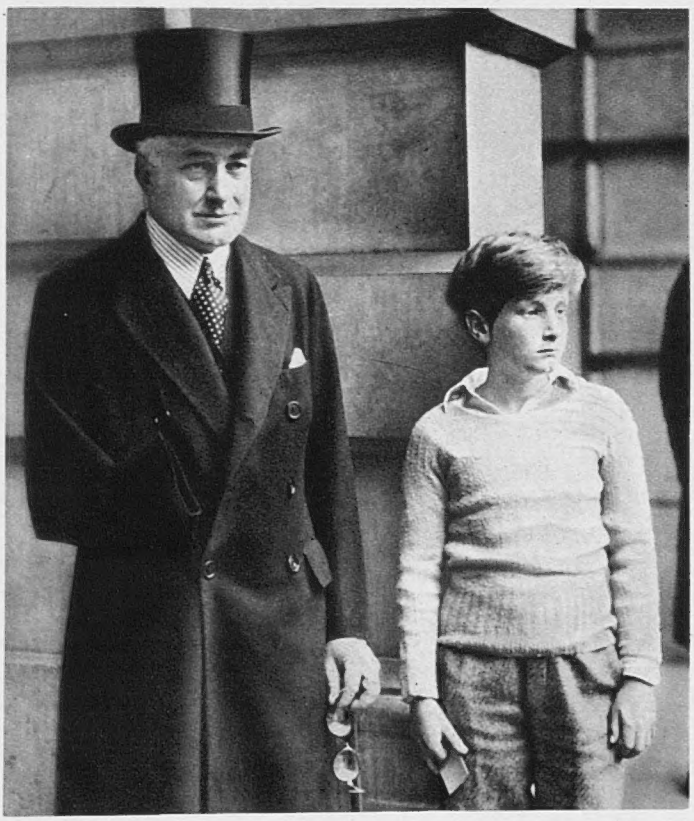
Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

MODERN science is a weird and wonderful thing. Its wonders, and its strangenesses, are quite inexhaustible. The latest freak is reported from Addis Ababa. The United States Minister, wishing to borrow a machine-gun and a few stout Sikhs from his colleague the British Minister, found it impossible to get a messenger through the howling mobs of looters to the British Legation, five miles away. So he called in the resources of science. He sent a wireless message to Washington, some ten thousand miles, or whatever it is, away. Washington passed the message on to London, three thousand miles away, and London wirelessed the British Legation in Addis Ababa. Immediately the relief force was despatched, and a machine-gun and a party of stout Sikhs duly arrived to defend the American Legation. Now it appears that a great many people regard this remarkable affair as a triumph of progress. To me it seems to be plumb craziness. And also it seems to me to be completely characteristic of a plumb crazy world.

A machine that sends a message fifteen thousand miles in order to get it delivered five miles away is bad enough. But a machine that can send a message fifteen thousand miles and simply *cannot* send it five miles is pure Bedlam. I remember some years ago seeing a delicious scene in a revue, in which Mr. Nelson Keys tried vainly to get a London telephone number from a call-box. He tried and tried and tried and nothing happened. At last he had a brain-wave and called up the Berengaria in mid-ocean by wireless telephony, and in a jiffy got his London call via the Berengaria's switch-board. At the time it seemed just a bit of lovely nonsense. But the years roll on and modern science gradually brings lovely nonsense into grim reality.

Talking of Addis Ababa reminds me that the Coptic priests of Ethiopia may well be chanting at this moment a variation of Isaiah's magnificent passage which begins, "and Babylon is fallen, is fallen." Addis has fallen, and the Emperor has thrown in his towel and Marshal Badoglio has marched in and Signor Mussolini has seized the opportunity to shoot the week's best crack. Announcing the capture of the town he said: "It is civilisation which triumphs over barbarism, justice which triumphs over cruel arbitrariness." Our most esteemed contemporary, which I regret to notice my rather esteemed colleague, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, will persist in calling irreverently "Auntie Times," has come out hot and strong about this sort of comic talk, and has even gone so far as to describe the Italian Dictator as "mouthing self-praise in the Roman limelight." Harsh words, I think, especially coming from the genteel confines of Printing House Square.



Lord Kennet and His Son

Had just been looking at the Academy. Lord Kennet was created a baron last year, and is still easier to remember as Sir Edward Hilton Young. His son, Wayland, was born in 1923

THERE is a weird fascination in watching an expert in anything practising his expertness. Whether it is a man pruning a hydrangea or a man designing a battle-cruiser or a man sitting longer upon the top of a pole than ever human being has ever sat before, if he is an expert he is worth watching. An extraordinary example of unique ability in action comes from Bexhill, where about a million people have been battling for the Gold Medal of the British Bridge League. Now, when I play bridge, it is all I can do to remember what trumps are. Mr. Dodds has, I think, a somewhat better memory than I have. After about eighty hands in the final round, Mr. Dodds picked up his hand, examined his cards, frowned thoughtfully, like a man who is trying to recall something, and then suddenly named every single card in each of the three invisible hands. When accused of black magic, necromancy, barratry on the high seas, and general assault and battery, he explained that it was an identical set of hands to one that had been dealt a couple of days before in one of the semi-final matches. And he was right, too. Phew!

"BUILD eight-million-pound battleships and then hold an expert enquiry to see if battleships are any use," appears to be the policy

of the Government. It seems a bit queer. The money has been voted for laying down the keels of two 35,000-tonners, and the enquiry will be held later on. The layman cannot possibly be justified in entering into a technical controversy about the value of these vast ships. Such things must be left to the professionals. But the layman, who after all pays for them, is entitled to ask questions, and to get answers. For example, did not the two greatest fleets of battleships in the world have to spend almost the entire war in hiding? During the recent Mediterranean schemozzle did not our two super-battleships discreetly halt at Gibraltar, where the Atlantic affords a conveniently spacious bolt-hole? And what about the America bomb v. battleship tests?

WHILE I am on the sea, as it were, it is sad to have to chronicle the passing of that most lovely ship, the Herzogin Cecilie. Is there any sight more beautiful than a sailing-ship under a full moon, "leaning against the bosom of the urgent west," as wrote Robert Bridges, whom Masefield, also a lover of tall sailing-ships, succeeded as Poet Laureate, or, to use the American phrase, King's Canary? True poetry, by the way, as opposed to modern rubbish, which nobody understands, and which nobody would be a halfpenny the wiser for understanding, has had a sudden boost in the last day or two by the death, at the age of seventy-seven, of A. E. Housman. Thousands of the middle-aged and elder generations have been impelled, by reading of his death, to take down the *Shropshire Lad* from their shelves and glance at it again. There is supreme poetry for you. And who is there among you who has ever heard Roger Quilter's setting of "Fairest of flowers the cherry now" and has not shed a furtive tear? Precious few, I swear.

PERRY'S handsome defeat of Austin in the Hard Courts final at Bournemouth brings that astonishing young gentleman into the foreground again, and it occurs to me to wonder if the modern generation realises what Perry has done for old fogies like myself, who used to visit Wimbledon before the war. In those days, we used to go to marvel at Wilding, the indomitable New Zealander, at McLaughlin, the red-headed Californian, at Norman Brookes, the Australian wizard. After the war, it was all Big Bill Tilden, of U.S.A., and little Bill Johnston, of U.S.A., and then the tremendous Frenchmen. And all those years it never occurred to us that an Englishman would ever get even into the semi-final. J. C. Parkes, the Irish Rugger International, did some startling things with his running drives, but apart from his occasional flashes, British lawn tennis simply was not on the map. Now this swift youth has hoisted British lawn tennis not merely back on to the map, but right to the very top of the pole (and anyone who writes to complain about a mixed metaphor will hear from my solicitors). It is a remarkable feat, and I can assure young Mr. Perry that we old fogies are as grateful to him as our predecessors were to Arnold Strode-Jackson when he put British running back on the map by winning the 1,500 metres at Stockholm in the Olympic Games of 1912 against the cream of the great Americans.

THE eagerly-awaited second volume of Mr. Duff Cooper's *Haig* is out. It was eagerly awaited because everyone who is interested in the late Armageddon was wondering how the Minister for War was going to explain Passchendaele, because it has been obvious for some time that the Minister had constituted himself counsel for the defence, as it were.

It is not for me to take sides in a highly intricate and technical affair. But at least I can read what is written in "Auntie Times" (will no one rid me of that turbulent Wyndham Lewis?). And there I find two columns, written under the anonymous title of "Our Military Correspondent," which could only have been written by one man. There is only one man, and—not to keep you in suspense any longer—that one man must be Captain Liddell Hart, who could have exposed with such devastating and merciless accuracy Mr. Cooper's odd thesis that Haig was a better general than such people as the famous Duke of York, Johnny Cope, Lord Raglan, and, of course, Sir Redvers Buller.

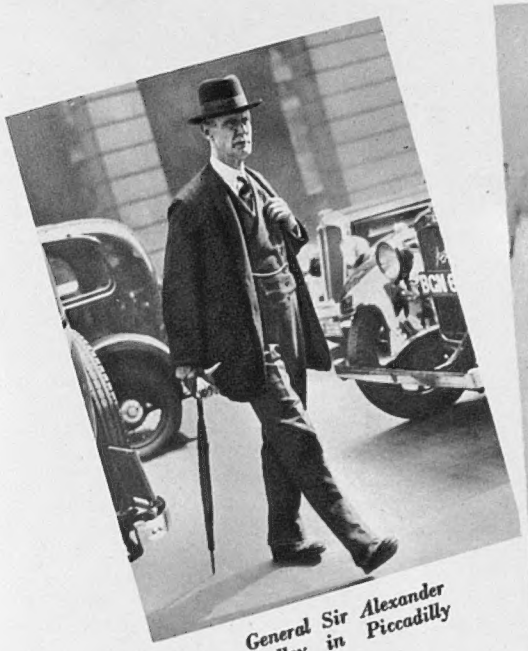
I am very glad that I have never been in the position of having a book about warfare reviewed by CaptainLiddell Hart. I would sooner—if I had had the choice, which I hadn't—have been Marie Antoinette. But then, who wouldn't?

THE death in New York of Edward Laurillard brings back some happy recollections of long-dead days. Laurillard was the man behind George Grossmith in that adorable actor's palmiest days.

And the mere mention of Grossmith's name opens a long vista of memories. When I, and men who were boys when I was a boy, in Belloc's immortal phrase, was young I used to doff my Sam Browne belt for a moment and visit *To-night's the Night* (which I shall always regard as the greatest of all musical comedies). G.G. was the first bright star in that musical comedy, although he never hesitated for one instant to give all the available limelight to a talented youth called Henson (Leslie? I can't remember his Christian name). But all my elders and betters used to say, in those far-off days, "Ah! but you should have seen G.G. in *The Sunshine Girl*, or in this, that or the next thing." They told me he was a magnificent actor. I, being young and opinionative, disagreed. And then one day, somewhere about 1925, I went to see a revival of *The Gay Lord Quex*, and I suddenly realised that Gerald du Maurier and Charles Hawtrey were not the only masters of their art.

Mr. Laughton and Mr. Chevalier Look at Paris

They were photographed a day or two before the great gala performance at the Comédie Française, when Charles Laughton played Sganarelle in Molière's "Le Médecin Malgré Lui" and made history by being the first Englishman invited to act in French in that famous theatre. Maurice Chevalier also appeared in the gala programme. The première of the French version of "The Beloved Vagabond," his new film, also took place in Paris last week



General Sir Alexander Godley in Piccadilly

Captain the Hon. Somerset and Mrs. Maxwell were on their way to see wedding presents given to Lord Feversham and the Hon. Anne Wood

Below: Lord Scarsdale was stepping briskly along in Berkeley Street

Pedestriana

Footwork Around the Sunny London Streets

Left: Mrs. Fanshawe and Miss Nan McGowan were emerging into the Piccadilly sunshine after lunch

Right: Mrs. Ronnie Leon was Park-walking. As Kay Hammond she is in the new Priestley play

Miss Tunie Karri-Davies looked wistfully into Asprey's window as she went down Bond Street

Mrs. Peter ("Poppy") Thursby only took a few steps across the pavement to reach her taxicab

Lady Mary Herbert and Countess Paul Munster were on their way to the Feversham-Wood wedding present display

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lea came back from their honeymoon not long ago; they were married in March. Mrs. Lea was Valerie Domville; her husband is Sir Sydney Lea's second son

Below: Fru. Dornonville de la Cour is marrying Viscount Elmley, M.P., on June 16th, at St. Clement Dane's, Strand

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lea

Elliott & Fry

Fru. Dornonville de la Cour

Lady Isobel Manners and

Were at Covent Garden on the first "Ring" cycle opened

Ladies Half-Price

ONE of our very first Spring outings was to Northolt, that charming little racecourse at such an easy distance from London that has somehow managed to capture a Continental atmosphere all on its own.

Its white buildings, well-kept lawns and flower-beds, and excellent cuisine make it a most attractive rendezvous for an afternoon's sport.

As a specially gallant gesture, the committee are offering admission to all the enclosures at half-price to the fair sex during this month. Could anything be fairer than that?

Mrs. Raphael and her sister, Mrs. Gordon Claridge, both of whom wear country clothes to perfection, were there that day; also Captain Jolliffe, escorting pretty Greta Humber, who, in addition to film work, is photographed all day and every day, and whose hobby is riding.

Where the Stars Forgather

WITHOUT any expensive redecorations, any highly-paid band or fabulous cabaret, there is a grill-room in the Strand that is always packed, and where you see every celebrity who has achieved any sort of fame.

Good food, which may mean only a well-poached egg or a neatly-opened oyster, a welcoming smile from a maître d'hôtel who knows your name, and the fact that everyone goes there make and maintain its success.

One night, after listening to *Meistersinger* at Covent Garden, Mr. Cochran arrived with Elisabeth Bergner, looking delicate and wrapped in ermine. One large window table contained the Sacheverell Sitwells, the Plunkets, and Mrs. Syrie Maugham; at another Lady Cunard entertained the Duchess of Westminster, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Captain McDougal, and several others.

Miss Liane de Facci Negrati

Is one of this year's debutantes from the diplomatic-social side: her father, Signor G. N. de Facci Negrati, is attached to the Italian Embassy, her mother was Erla Howell, of New York. This drawing was done by Baynon Copeland, who is Mrs. Rex Anderson in private life

The lighter stage was represented by Claire Luce, and we were glad to see that marvellous ballroom dancer, Jack Holland, back from fresh triumphs in New York, and delighted to hear that his partner is still the lovely June Hart.

Mechanical Gates

AN enchanting bit of near-to-London country is that which surrounds Stoke Poges, Farnham Common, and those mystic woods, Burnham Beeches.

The built-up area from Slough extends rather too near the Koch de Gooreynd house at Farnham Royal, but in the garden at Yew Place you might still be miles from anywhere.

At Lord Kemsley's place, which is practically adjoining, the park gates open as a car passes over some mysterious contrivance in the road a couple of yards outside the gates.

A Lucky Inheritance

SITUATED a few miles away is Fulmer Chase, belonging to the Eddie Barons—such a lovely house in divine grounds. It is difficult indeed to believe that it was built as recently as 1914, but of old beams and ancient wood specially transported.

Mrs. Baron and her debutante daughter, Millicent, look just like sisters, more genuinely than any mother and daughter we can think of. Miss Baron is lucky to have inherited her mother's flashing smile and dark, velvet eyes.

An Enforced Rough-and-Tumble

AN amusing story was told during our week-end in these parts which characterised the good nature of Mrs. Koch de Gooreynd and the forceful personality of Miss Vacani, most famous and autocratic of all dancing teachers.

Mrs. Koch de Gooreynd called one morning at the latter's studio to arrange about lessons for her small son. She was shown into a large room where a class for instructresses was in progress, and asked to wait.

Mr. Michael Crichton

Wednesday last week, when with "Das Rheingold"

Swaebe

Lady Gainsborough and Her Daughter

Lady Maureen Noel and Lady Gainsborough were also in the "Das Rheingold" audience

The Heneage Christening

Mr. and Mrs. George Heneage's daughter was christened at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week, and was named Carolyn Jean Elizabeth. Fifty tenants from Killochan Castle, their place in Ayrshire, came to London to see the ceremony

Before she had even had time to sit down, Miss Vacani had spotted her, exclaimed, "Darling, you 're just what I want! We 're one short!", dragged off her hat and coat, and Mrs. Koch de Gooreynd found herself scampering madly round the room, learning the most complicated terpsichorean measures, and it was some three-quarters of an hour before, breathless and ruffled, she was allowed to escape! Having a great sense of humour, she tells the story as one of the most amusing episodes in her life, and evidently enjoyed the enforced rough-and-tumble no end!

Hampshire Wedding

Commander the Hon. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, Lord Radnor's brother, and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu were married at Beaulieu Abbey Church, Hants. Lady Montagu was Pearl Crake before her marriage to the second Baron, who died in 1929. Nine-year-old Lord Montagu was one of his mother's ten child attendants

Such a Relief

An evening of really good ballet in aid of charity, instead of the usual ball with its attendant auctions, appeals, and side-shows, is a great relief; a fact proved conclusively by the success of the entertainment arranged in aid of the National Association for Birth Control at the Cambridge Theatre last Monday night.

"British Ballet" was represented by the Vic-Wells company, the Ballet Club, and Phyllis Bedells' school; Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who wrote a new ballet for the occasion, and Mr. Constant Lambert conducted.

In the audience we noted Lady Juliet Duff and Lady Diana Duff Cooper, with Mr. Milbanke and Mr. David Herbert; Lady Milton, a white flower in her hair, spectacles perched on her small nose; Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Musker, her rose-petal complexion accentuated by a coat of snowy ermine; young Mrs. Acton of the Madonna-like good looks; Miss Griselda Gould, whose sister, Diana, is a ballet dancer of repute, with Lord and Lady Donegall (mother and son); Lady Patricia Latham in a striped taffetas dress; the Anthony Hornbys with the Vladimir Provatoroffs, Mme. Provatoroff wearing a sensational white muslin dress, its carioca-like frills edged with scarlet patent leather, and a dashing red jacket with white horses prancing all over its printed surface. The daughter of the chairman of the whole proceedings, Pamela Grant-Sturgis, was the prettiest girl we set eyes on that evening.

Off to Hollywood

Apropos of all the publicity accorded to the possible film career of the Earl of Warwick, it interests us to hear that his beautiful Countess sails for Hollywood in a week's time to stay with the newly-married Fairbankses.

"Rose" and "Sylvia" have always been great friends, but Lady Warwick's stay in the film community is not likely to be a long one, as a separation of any length of time from her small son would be quite unbearable to her.

A Humorous Expression

It is always interesting to compare portraits and their originals in the flesh, an opportunity that was available at the opening of Eve Sawyer's exhibition at the Cooling Galleries last week.

There was Mrs. George Hannay, the wife of the well-known golfer, and Mrs. Kenneth Milne, in whose portrait the artist has excelled herself, catching her alert and humorous expression to perfection, and a really lovely painting of the newly married Countess of Shrewsbury, who was not there as she is still away honeymooning.

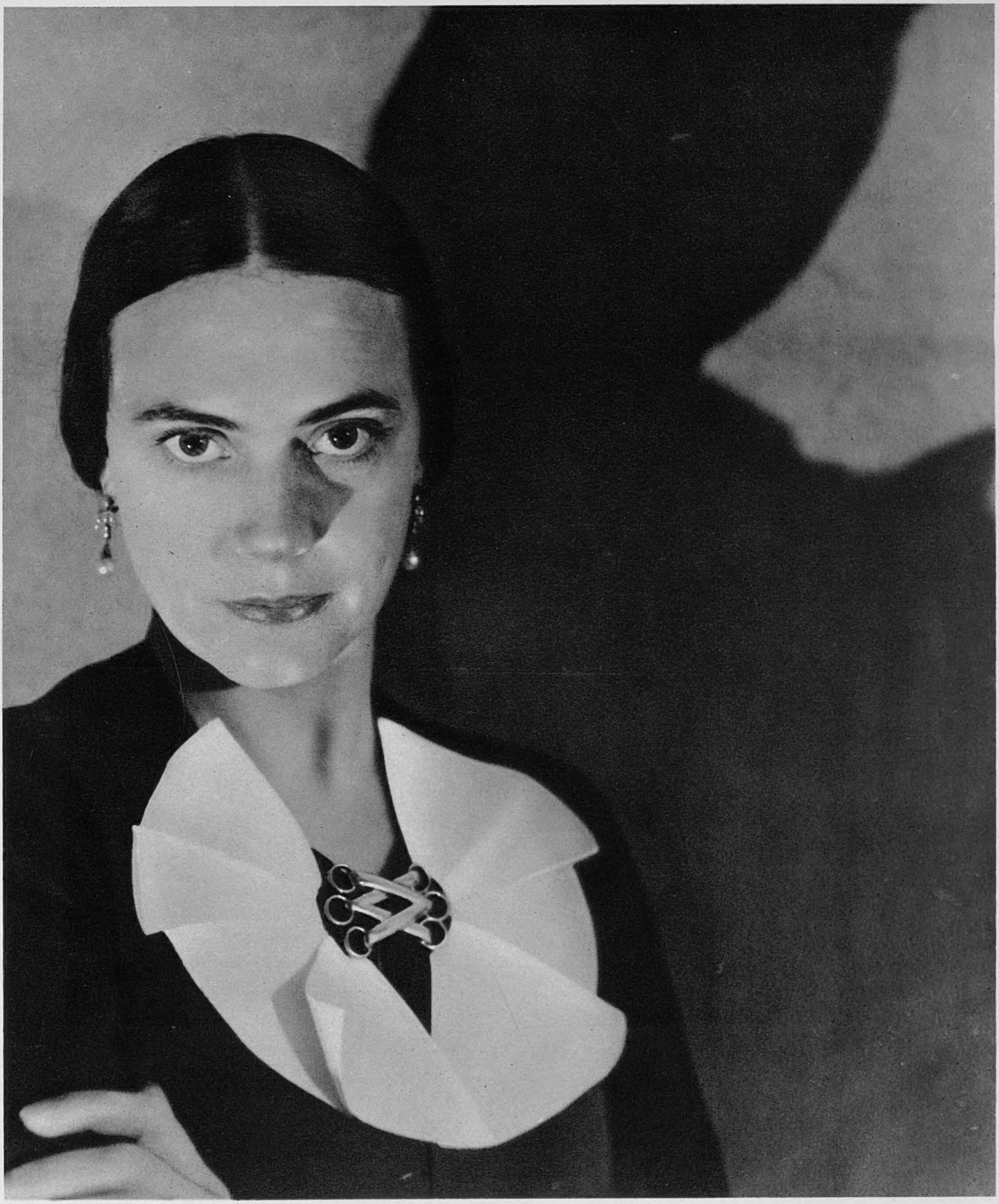
A Guard of Honour

Doing the rounds of the town the other night, we noticed what a very good dancer Mr. Henry Garnett is. He was waltzing with his fiancée, Miss Mary Gerard Leigh, who looked charming in a girlish white frock. Their wedding at St. Margaret's on the 20th of this month will be a picturesque affair, with a guard of honour of the bridegroom's regiment (the Blues) and an imposing retinue of bridesmaids.

Beautiful Unknowns

Also supping and dining that evening, we saw Lord and Lady Ebury, who have lately sold one of their country houses; the Earl of Hopetoun, dancing with pretty Irene Mann-Thompson; and at adjacent tables, Sir Alfred Beit and Mr. Bobbie Sweeny, both with what are so romantically referred to by gossip-writers with bad memories or eyesight as "Beautiful Unknowns."

MISS PEEPS



Anthony

Gertrud Wettergren—an Opera Star from Sweden

Gertrud Wettergren has made her debut at Covent Garden this year, as Amneris in *Aïda*, which is being given for the third time on Friday this week. She has had a great success, not only because of her lovely mezzo-soprano voice and the dramatic quality of her singing, but for the grace and dignity of her carriage. Her reputation outside Scandinavia was first established when she appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House last year. She now has a three years' contract in New York, beginning after her Covent Garden engagement is over. Her husband is Dr. Erik Wettergren, director of the modern section of the Stockholm National Museum. He has lately gone back to that job after an interval of three years as director of the Royal Opera House at Stockholm

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 20

Jeanne de Casalis

JEANNE DE CASALIS comes of medical missionary stock and, alliteratively enough, was born in a bullock-cart in Basutoland. Her horoscope would therefore be almost impossible to cast, which is perhaps why she is completely unsuperstitious. Noel Coward's only feminine counterpart was originally trained as a professional pianist, but during the Great War helped her father in Cannes, where he was in charge of the South African Military Hospital. During this period she wrote a number of playlets to amuse the troops, and everyone told her that she ought to go on the stage, which she did, soon after the war was over; and theatre-goers still remember her success with Tommy Douglas in *Fata Morgana*.

In the meantime she had become the wife of a young Irish doctor, but the marriage was dissolved, and she concentrated on the stage as a career, until one day she decided to explore the medium of the wireless. Whereupon she sat down and wrote the first of her *Mrs. Feather* sketches. These have since become famous throughout the world, and only the other day were published in book form.

Marriage then claimed her again. This time it was Colin Clive, who gave that magnificent performance as Captain Stanhope in *Journey's End* and has now been making pictures for the past two or three years in Hollywood.

Jeanne herself alternates between a charming flat in Hallam Street and a still more charming house at Charing, in Kent, where she keeps two dogs, four cats, six sheep, innumerable pigeons, and a really pretty garden. As a good Frenchwoman she is a magnificent cook. Her soups are famous. Her omelettes are exquisite, and her vegetable dishes are unrivalled.

TWO years ago she began to ride. Within a few days she was out with the local pack. But this was not exciting enough, so she took up flying. A few weeks ago she got her licence. She is also an excellent lawn-tennis player, and once did the eighth at Princes in four against a strong head-wind. At the moment the limelight is chiefly focussed on her for her co-authorship with R. C. Sherriff of *St. Helena*, the brilliant play about Napoleon which has travelled from the Old Vic to Daly's, and is shortly to be produced in Paris and New York.

DESPITE her long sojourn in England, Jeanne de Casalis still speaks with an attractive broken-English accent, and swears in French. Ever since I first met her I have never heard her say an unkind thing about anyone, which is very rare with people on the stage. But then, she is not only an actress. She is authoress, pianist, playwright, athlete, chef, air pilot, and even composer.

And, between ourselves, I rather think she was Joan of Arc in her previous existence.

Charles Graves

The Academy: By Peter Fleming

THIS year the Royal Academy of Arts is holding its one hundred and sixty-eighth Exhibition. I missed the first one hundred and sixty-seven, but I got there this time, and I don't mind betting (though, of course, I can't know for certain) that it 's as good as ever.

The BYSTANDER, they tell me, has a sophisticated public, and there may be those among you who high-hat the Academy, along with Gilbert and Sullivan and Galsworthy and other *démodé* institutions, on intellectual grounds. But I 'm pretty certain that darned few of you have never been to the Academy in your lives, which is how things stood with me until a few days ago. I know nothing about pictures and care less, and I hate shuffling round looking at them; so I approached the place (which I must say is very centrally situated) with a certain trepidation, as one might approach a country of which one doesn't know the language and the customs.

THE extraordinary thing was that as soon as I got in among the exhibits I felt completely at home. Nothing was strange. I suppose that, what with hearing people talk about past Academies, and seeing reproductions in the illustrated papers and those wonderfully clever parodies in *Punch*, I had subconsciously picked up the form. I had only to open the catalogue to find myself on safe—unexpectedly, and therefore delightfully safe—ground. " A Son of Erin," " The Blue Dress," " A Majorcan Peasant Girl," " Taking in the Nets, Polperro," " A Roman Lady (Mrs. Catling) "—I had, without knowing it, foreseen them all. It was like arriving at Thermopylæ, or on the field of Waterloo, and remembering with a rush all the things which one had been forced to learn, and had instantly forgotten, about the natural features of those places.

For instance, if you had asked me, in the manner of the popular Press, " Is Lamorna Birch (a) a tree found in New Zealand; (b) a young British film star; (c) a novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward; (d) a form of corporal punishment? " I simply shouldn't, before I went to the Academy, have known what to answer. But the moment I saw Op. 394, which is called " Autumn Green and Gold: Inverlochy," some almost atavistic intuition told me that this was what Mr. Lamorna Birch was for, what he had been doing for a long, long time: it was as if I had stumbled on some ancient and once honourable craft whose practice had been miraculously uncontaminated by the swift, peremptory modern world.

Then there were the portraits, whose subjects—like the figures in that advertisement for whisky—seemed to step out of their frames and welcome me; a Major-General, a Brigadier-General, an Admiral, a banker, an M.F.H., a whole smug of bishops (" smug " is, I believe, the collective term used by sportsmen in anti-religious countries), the ugly women, the fairly pretty women, the stuffed—and badly stuffed at that—young men. It was almost too reassuring; it put me too much at my ease; I began—with, I suppose, unpardonable presumption—to apply to the Exhibition my own standards of art criticism.

THESE are two in number. The first is that any study of Still Life must include a Fish, or, at any rate, the greater part of a Fish. *Nature morte* is what the French call Still Life, and for me *nature morte* means Fish: though ground game in reasonable quantities also strengthens what I believe they call the composition.

The second standard, or prerequisite is that any picture which is *not* a study of Still Life must have plenty of Action in it. Nobody will be so bigoted as to maintain that you can't get Action into almost any picture; and if you can you should. Like Fish, it strengthens the composition. None of us, I take it, would look twice at a portrait of Jezebel, daughter of Sir Synod and Lady Sanhedrin; we would much rather not look once. But if, half-way up the prompt side, the artist puts in a couple of borzoi baying an otter, or a lot of negroes having a party, or a footman chasing a cat, the whole picture takes on a new lease of life. We stop. We look. We want to see what 's up.

But, apart from these what you might call interpolations, there ought, in any exhibition, to be several pictures, and good big pictures, too, devoted entirely to Action. Saving the guns, manning the pumps, forming the square, fleeing from the forest fire—these are the kind of activities that make a picture worth while. The Cecil B. de Mille touch.

I am sorry to say that by both my standards this year's Academy is a flop. *Not one of the pictures of Still Life—and God knows there are plenty of them—contains a Fish.* It is true that in Op. 84 (" Gemini ") the Geminus on the right has got a big Fish under his arm; that in Op. 264—an admirable Belcher—there is an oyster-shell on the fat man's plate; that Mr. Russell (" of Draperies ") Flint has thrown in a brace of goldfish with his two dizzy blondes (Op. 272); that Prince Birabongse of Siam has contributed a life-size bronze of a seal balancing a Fish on its nose (an old Siamese custom); and that Op. 905, by Mr. Sohseki Kikuchi, features " The Carp, Symbol of Fortitude." But none of these pictures is a representation of Still Life (and that goes for Mr. Gerald Moira's " Washing Skate for Bait " (Op. 202), and for the portrait of an enormous cod which is labelled, by an oversight, " Lady ———— "); and the place for the Fish in Art is in Still Life.

BUT if the Academy is weak on Fish, it is even weaker on Action. There are, I admit, some good big pictures; but there 's nothing going on in them. Gone are the charging cavalry in the background, the struggling figures in the foreground, the foundered camels, the forest fires, the corpses with arrows sticking into them; a dismal, universal apathy has settled on this year's canvases. Diligent research was rewarded by Mr. James Bateman's vigorous Op. 191; but even that only portrays " Commotion in the Cattle Ring," which is a poor, thin, milky sort of subject to serve up to a chap who was expecting " Calamity at Culloden " or " A Critical Moment at Kandahar."

Practically the only picture in which the protagonists couldn't be used as a " Before Taking " advertisement is Op. 390 (" Cain and Abel," by Marjorie R. McGill). Cain is seen bashing Abel over the head with a boulder in a far from anæmic manner. My note in the catalogue says " Gd. action, but *too small*," and I think this is a fair criticism. The picture is much too small. For a subject like this you need half an acre of canvas, and in addition to the dirty work in the foreground you want plenty of good lively local colour all over the place. Here, for instance, you could work in the Flood subsiding, and Leviathan browsing on Mount Ararat, and the Philistines going into action against (say) the Hittites in the middle distance. I don't care if some of this is historically inexact; half the point of doing period stuff is to take liberties with the period. What the Academy wants is more of the Hogwasch manner.

STILL, it 's a good show for all that. Some of the pictures are very funny indeed, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Apart from the questions of Action and Fish, on which I can't help feeling deeply, I have only one or two minor complaints. With the possible exception of Op. 931, in which a unicorn is apparently swimming on its back and which may therefore fall foul of the College of Heralds, there are no problem pictures; there are no " daring " pictures; and there are far too many indescribably ugly women.

By the way, how many bananas should you suppose are portrayed in the 1635 exhibits? Thirty-nine! I counted them when I was looking for the Fish.

Prince Birabongse of Siam, Miss Haycock, and Prince Thula arrived together. Prince Birabongse (as "B. Bira") is exhibiting a lifesize bronze of a seal and a fish. The day after the Private View he won the J.C.C. International Trophy at Brooklands

Lady Brockett and Lady Mary Manningham Buller were two more picture-gazers, the latter taking no chances with May 1st's weather

Mrs. David Margesson took her younger daughter, Miss Gay Margesson, with her. Her elder daughter, Janet, is a deb of this year

"Private View"

The Royal Academy Opens Its Doors to the Select Many

Lady Dashwood, who came back from Paris a day or two before, had Miss Anne Colville with her

Christine Lady Churchill and Lady Victoria Scott, Lord Haig's second sister, walked away together after their round

Lady Reading and Lady Joan Isaacs

Lady Reading and her only daughter both wore typically 1936 spring suits for their Burlington House visit. Lady Joan Isaacs is the elder of the Readings' two daughters, and is doing her first London season

Paul Nash

Painter and Designer

SEVEN Nash exhibitions since 1918 of water colours, oil paintings, drawings and engravings have somewhat accustomed the casual exhibition-stroller to the work of this fine artist. But Paul Nash could only be popular by chance: his work is too abstract, belongs too constantly to the realm of thought rather than photography to appeal easily to the ordinary picture-gazer. Among the knowledgeable, both here and in America, where he is one of the best known of English moderns, he has the highest reputation. He exhibited his first group of drawings in 1911, when he was twenty-two, and in 1913 gave a joint show with his younger brother, John Nash. He saw three years' active service, was wounded at Ypres, and became an official war artist. He has published half-a-dozen books and illustrated others, has taught structure and design at the Royal College of Art (he himself studied at the Slade), sits on the Carnegie International Exhibition jury, is president of the Society of Industrial Artists, and a member of the Council for Art and Industry

These three Dorset landscapes have been used by Paul Nash to illustrate the booklet on Dorset which he has compiled and written for Shell as one of their series of Guides to various English counties. At the top is a West Dorset landscape; then comes Badbury Rings; the third is of Corfe Castle from the Heath

Photograph by Gerty Simon, London

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

GENERAL GOERING, having now in addition to his other high posts taken over that of Controller of Foreign Exchange and Raw Material, will probably need yet another uniform. Something in the way of an untanned leather tunic, fur-edged, with gold trimmings and frogs, might be at once chic and delicately allusive, together with thickly-braided breeches and patent-leather Wellingtons, and perhaps a silver casque (or a Glengarry bonnet) with a pink ostrich feather. The General's wardrobe is already extensive and glorious, but there seems no earthly reason why a few more uniforms shouldn't be invented for him. Why not? No stigma attaches necessarily to dressing up. Napoleon's marshals went thundering into the thick of the bloodiest battles clad in the most extraordinary and expensive plumage—feathers and ermine and panther-skin and buckskin and pink and white and blue, plastered with gold and silver trimmings and fal-lals. It 's a curious fallacy that foppery has some natural connection with cowardice. What about Prince Rupert's Mechlin lace collars, and the silver damascened armour of Charles V.? What about the famous hat of Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy, which was one mass of balas rubies and other jewels? He fought and died in it. And Grammont's French dandies at the siege of Lérida, who all wore silk and velvet?

Soldiers should always be splendidly attired, preferably with great nodding plumes of feathers on their heads like Ajax, proclaiming that they are officially heroes. The more glorious the trappings of the headpiece, the less danger of mistaking it for a receptacle of thought. Most thinkers recognise this; hence the drab and—æsthetically considered—scrubby hats worn by (*e.g.*) Mr. Joad. Compare also the cunning and evil bowler, first worn by the god Mercury, patron of business-men, thieves, and politicians. Try to imagine Marshal Ney in a bowler, and hold your peace.

Vendetta

THE don of Nebraska University who shot at and wounded a senior don the other day, after being dismissed for unsatisfactory lectures, was perhaps setting an unwise precedent. In our two elder Universities they deem it, though "eminently suitable for adepts of a newer and cruder culture" (Dr. Pumbles, of Burford), most certainly a solecism. However ancient and venomous the hatred between two given dons in either University may be, neither would dream of having recourse to fire-arms, even if he knew which end of the thing made the horrid noise. Subtle and sometimes incomprehensible verbal attack and—very occasionally—poison are the approved academic methods. But poison again is a difficult thing to administer, owing to the average don's imperfect acquaintance with practical affairs. As dear old "Snuffy" Fibsworth observed in mild surprise when everybody at High Table except his arch-enemy, Dr. Goofus, collapsed in great agony, "Such a concatenation of events is as unexpected as it is, everything considered, valueless." The acid sneer on the features of Dr. Goofus as he trifled with his sherry, unharmed, was very hard for the gentle old man to bear, and the remainder of dinner passed in cold silence.

Of more sporting and less purely academic interest, perhaps, is the case of the absent-minded don who managed to put a whole crew out of action by mistake one Eights Week with aconitine. They dropped lifeless just on completing a bump, and the authorities (as in *l'affaire Dobson*) were in a quandary. On the evidence of Mr. H. T. W. F. Strothers, who had observed the incident very closely, the bump was allowed, but many prominent rowing men disagreed. The don's frank explanation that he had actually intended poisoning the Master of Belial aggravated, rather than mitigated, the atmosphere of dubiety and disappointment. "The rules will obviously have to be altered," was the irritated comment of Mr. T. T. G. J. Bashworthy.

Dumb Friend

THE mirific nose of Mr. Jimmy ("Schnozzle") Durante, film comedian, shortly due to appear in London, has—like the famous sword of Haroun al Raschid—no name and, they say, no endowments, though to its constant companionship and unwearying supervision Mr. Durante owes a great deal of his success. Comparisons with the nose of Cyrano instantly occur—that long speech in which Cyrano bitterly describes his nose contains many epithets suitable to both. It is said that a committee of old ladies in New England cares for the little birds which habitually use the Durante schnozzle for a perching-place, Mr. Durante having no time to tend them himself

The noblest snouts we in this country can muster in the Arts are mostly on the executive side. The last grandiose nozzle to delight the theatre-going public was probably Mrs. Siddons', which gave Reynolds so much trouble to paint; and that was rather a beak or a promontory, overpowering and minatory, than a proboscis. It was apparently free also from every kind of wayward or decorative gibbosity, bulge, protuberance, intumescence,

"Heads we see the Opera, tails Mickey Mouse"

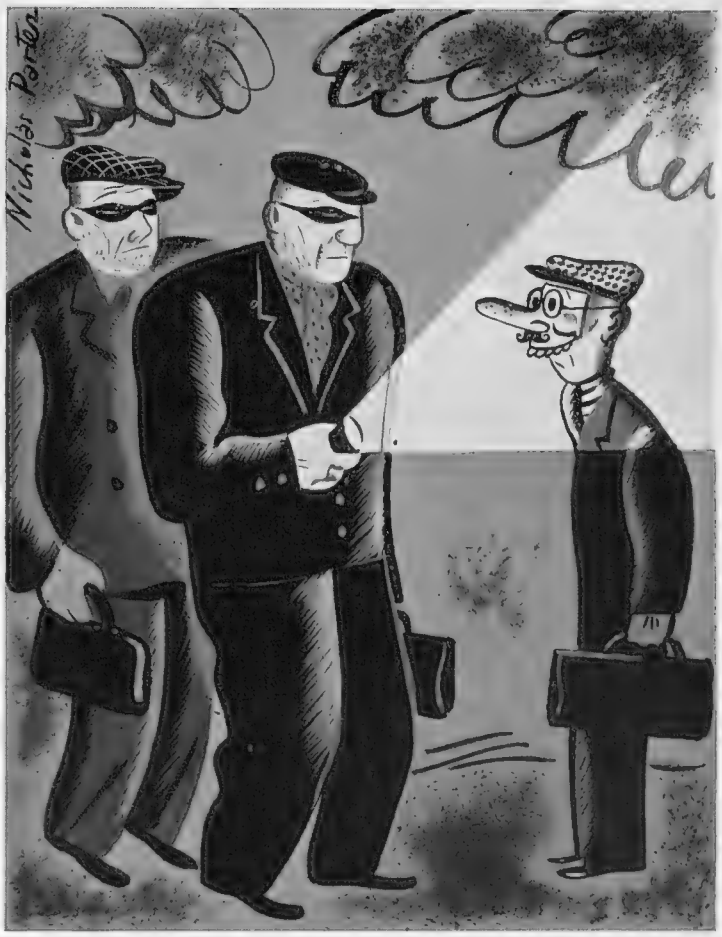
excrescence, knob, bulb, boss, or nodule. Nor, apparently, did it help Mrs. Siddons in her work—she couldn't even listen with it, as they can in Wardour Street—nor could it be used, like so many long, sharp, pacifist noses, for digging, nor was it of use to our dumb or feathered friends, nor was it flexible and prehensile, like the nose of a P.E.N. Club member. Yet Reynolds perhaps damned it just a little hastily. It might easily have been a false one which, removed from the features of the Tragic Muse, revealed a delicious snub.

Quandary

IN a Regent Street shop we observed a nursery toy new to us—a set, on the traditional lead-soldier scale, of bright little blue R.A.C. men (one on a motor-bicycle), with a little roadside telephone-booth all complete. We 'd no idea the embryo motorist was being catered for to this extent. How easy (we thought) to jape on this subject—to suggest, for example, that one or two little shattered, broken, or bleeding leaden pedestrians in drab and red might make the set even more complete! If we refrain from a facile satiric fantasia on this theme it 's merely because we 're slightly uneasy about our own position. Sometimes we walk; in which mood we should specify tiny leaden pedestrians of exquisite spiritual beauty; a cross between St. Aloysius Gonzaga (typifying angelic purity) and Valentine Lord Castlerosse (typifying human wisdom and savoir-faire).

At other times, driving or—preferably—being driven by rich friends, we should order the toy manufacturers to pour into their ravening moulds masses of boiling lead which should turn out to be half-witted, evil, dirty, devilish, chimpanzee-like little figures, with hands touching the ground. In strict justice and by sheer force of numbers the former type should obviously prevail, since motorists turn into pedestrians, however unwillingly, much oftener than pedestrians turn into motorists.

Oh, yes. And however reluctant you car owners may be to admit it, pedestrians are indubitably the finer type.



"Sorry, I couldn't find my other mask"

"Don't mind him, officer — he 's not quite sober"

Pedestrians built the Pyramids, for example, and Chartres, and Burgos, and discovered gunpowder, and printing, and America (if that 's okay with you). What motorist ever painted anything like the Primavera or composed anything like the Brandenburg Concerto? Who won the Battle of Lepanto? Don John of Austria, who never touched a self-starter in his life! Next time you smash or maim some hideous pedestrian on the Kingston By-pass, brothers, reflect that he was probably the better man.

What Ho!

HAS it ever struck you? The people most interested in Grand Opera are electricians. Enough "juice" is being burned every night during the present Covent Garden season, apparently, to run the entire lighting system of a small town. At the Paris Opéra the bill is possibly twice as much, because they have a curious habit of leaving that enormous central chandelier alight all through the performance. But they should worry how much

electricity they burn! As Arnold Bennett or somebody remarked, there isn't a peasant in the remotest corner of France who can't go to bed at dark comforted by the thought that the Opéra is just opening its doors — with the Garde Républicaine lining the marble staircase in addition on gala nights— and lighting its 20,000 electric candles, and that he helps to support it all in the sacred name of Art. When we mentioned this once to a burly farmer in the Cotentin his only comment was a well-known word of five letters, which shows how little Art still means to the cloddish soul.

If we're not woundily mistaken, D'Oyly Carte introduced electricity to the London stage in his new Savoy Theatre in the 'eighties. Before that it was gas—can you imagine the intense heat, the fumes, the vitiated air? Before that it was oil and candles, which compelled the actors to stamp and rave and howl to get their personality across the footlights. If Garrick or Kean appeared on the modern stage he'd appear to us the most blatant kind of ham imaginable. In addition, he wouldn't play any golf. What an actor!

Song of Sixpence

ON our oath:

A small but charming woman wandered into a mammoth chain-store in the West End and bought a nice handbag for sixpence. From there, continuing her shopping (as women will), she went to a much more expensive place where, to her surprise (and ours), precisely the same kind of handbag was being sold for considerably more. Pausing to examine this portent more closely, and injudiciously putting her new bag on the counter and picking it up afterwards, she was accosted by a polite house-detective who said: "Would you very much mind coming with me?" She minded considerably.

A little discussion took place, she was compelled to accompany the polite detective to the office, and, in brief, they accused her of stealing the bag, which charge she was easily able to disprove, to their confusion. Rising to her full height (about five feet) she then threatened them with all the thunders of a Very Important and Powerful Relative, whose name, if we revealed it, would make you quake as it does us. They blenched at once. They grovelled. They begged her to overlook it. They implored her not to take the action she promised. Finally they said, almost weeping: "Choose anything—*anything*—in this shop you like, and we shall have the *utmost* pleasure in sending it *the first thing in the morning.*"

Being utterly bored with the whole business, she said carelessly as she went out, "Oh, I don't care—send me a grand piano or something." Next morning a grand piano arrived.

Scoop

DON'T say we never give you hot "inside" news of the big world. Look out soon for a colossal Fleet Street merger, the first of a series, welding the seven bigger dailies into one, to be called the *Daily Times-Telegraph-Post-Mail-Express-News-Chronicle-Herald*, under the supreme managing editorship of a Miss Pringle or Bingley. The idea came spontaneously from a beautiful fair-haired typist, Miss Effie Darwitts, who was sorry for the Newspaper Proprietors' Association when they found themselves with nothing on earth to discuss at a very important conference recently. At first the N.P.A. laughed at her shy suggestion of a merger. This conversation ensued:

A MEMBER: What's your idea in suggesting a merger of fifteen big newspapers?

MISS DARWITTS: I thought it would be a good means of getting fourteen of them out of the way once for all, sort of.

CHAIRMAN: Continuing, as it were, indefinitely?

MISS DARWITTS: Well, sort of.

There was some laughter again, but after a pause the Chairman, who had been thinking deeply, said: "Boys, hold it. This little girl has handed us a pretty big idea. Let's have another important conference." The merger was eventually launched as above.

Tail-Piece

TALKING of such inspiring matters, Hesketh Pearson's admirable study of Henry Labouchere, first editor of *Truth*, presents a superb conspectus of that fine, fearless, independent journalism which is the glory of our Press and the perpetual theme, with harp obbligato, of the Fleet Street boys.

"Labby" was the freest and most courageous journalist of modern times. He wrote precisely what he wanted to. He truckled to no potentate, principality, or power, and nobody could ever intimidate him, no awful little moguls of Finance, or Society, or the Law, or even Fleet Street. He was the Bayard of the British Press, sans peur et sans reproche.*

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

* His private income, inherited and permanent, was derived from some quarter of a million pounds (£250,000).

"It's no good keeping 'em, Ed.; my love for her has grown cold"

Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Canadian Matriarch

"Whiteoaks" (Little Theatre)

IT is notoriously difficult to turn a good novel into a good play, and it is a more than usually difficult task that Mazo de la Roche has set herself in dramatising her saga of the Whiteoaks family; but in spite of a certain incompleteness, her play makes a pleasant evening's entertainment.

This Canadian family is dominated by its grandmother, Adeline, who has attained the remarkable age of 101 without losing her vitality or faculties; this part is, with great restraint, played by Nancy Price, but she would be more effective if she realised how very old centenarians actually look; her parrot, Boney, possibly twice her age, appears equally youthful and vivacious. Why, by the way, is exception sometimes taken to the appearance of animals on the legitimate stage? Most nice people have some pet which is an important and integral part of their family life, so it is perfectly natural to see a dog, cat, or bird on the stage with their human friends.

The honours of the play gravitate naturally to Stephen Haggard, who, as Finch, is a poor mutt in the eyes of his relations, because he shares none of their hearty outdoor tastes but prefers to devote himself to his music, and is in consequence outrageously bullied by his brothers and sneered at by his uncles and aunts. His misfortunes win the sympathies of his grandmother, the valiant old lady rising from her bed to join him in midnight snacks and music; the laugh is with him at the end, for when Adeline dies suddenly in the midst of a game of backgammon, it is found that she has left him all her money, and he will be free to work at his beloved music for the rest of his life.

The smaller parts, some of them rather difficult to deal with, are well acted, Frank Birch giving a particularly subtle study of Uncle Ernest, an avaricious valetudinarian.

Sketches of "Whiteoaks" by Rouson

Two sons who have expectations from Gran Whiteoaks (Nancy Price): the ninny (Frank Birch) and the booser (Aubrey Dexter) are both disappointed

Great Scotland Yard!

"The Frog" (Prince's Theatre)

THIS play by Ian Hay, adapted from the novel by Edgar Wallace, is never likely to rival *The Frogs* of Aristophanes as a classic, nor is it so witty, but it is infinitely more exciting; there are seventeen scenes and scarcely one without its thrill—murder, poison-gas, revolvers, and bombs being lavishly supplied.

The story of the widespread criminal activities of the society of Frogs hangs together well, the action is continuous, and moves swiftly from one dramatic incident to another, while the audience tell each other breathlessly what they think is going to happen next. It need hardly be said that the chief interest centres in Gordon Harker, who plays Detective-Sergeant Elk in his inimitable manner; there is no one who can put a good line across better than he can, and, fortunately, he has some very good opportunities. It seems a pity that such a lapse from good taste should be perpetrated as the scene in the condemned cell at Gloucester Prison, where the prison chaplain appears in his surplice for last words with the condemned boy before he is pinioned. Both this and the scene in the executioner's shed which follows it were rightly very coldly received by an otherwise appreciative audience.

The large cast work well together, their timing and pace being excellent, and great praise is due to Herbert Bryan for his production; the effects, which are many and elaborate, function with the utmost precision and must involve really arduous work.

Big bully and understanding brother (Ellis Irving and Robert Newton)

Finch (clutching his Oriental inspiration) is queer, but makes good at length: Stephen Haggard

Anthony

Shadows of War

This camera study was posed by Elsa Kahl and Rudolph Pescht of the Ballets Jooss, and was inspired by the famous Jooss ballet, *The Green Table*. It was taken a week or two ago at Dartington Hall, in Devon (where the company have their theatre and permanent home), before they set off on their tour of the Continent. During the winter they went to America, with huge success, and later they are going to China. They have a big new ballet, *The Prodigal Son*, in their repertoire, but that won't be seen in London before next year

Peter Lorre as the Hairless Mexican

Peter Lorre looks like this in the new Gaumont-British thriller, *Secret Agent*, which Alfred Hitchcock directed and which is now at the Tivoli. It 's not an unamusing thought that Lorre, who is Hungarian born and has learnt German, English, and American for his various films, has now had to add broken English with a Spanish accent to his lingual repertoire. Gitano's portrait of him in his latest professional-killer spy part is a concoction of cardboard, paint, skeins of black silk, a real scarf, gold ear-ring and tie-pin

Norman Parkinson

"The Little Ol' Boy" at the Arts Theatre

This embroilment takes place in the reformatory which is the scene of Albert Bein's play, *The Little Ol' Boy*. It was produced at the Arts Theatre from last Saturday till Tuesday, with a cast of thirty-five men, playing warders and wardees, and one woman, playing the sympathetic rôle as a warder's wife. The one woman was Ethel Ramsay, who made a name for her interpretation of Fräulein von Kesten, the lick-spittle second mistress of *Mädchen in Uniform*; Esmond Knight played the lead. When the piece was produced in New York a year ago it caused much controversy, but Bein's veracity couldn't be gainsaid, because he still limps from treatment received in a reformatory like the one he has staged

Films of the Day : By George Campbell

A Gangster Film from History

Good girls, as a general rule, make bad drama. That is why the successful playwrights concentrate on the Marguerite Gautiers and the Emma Hamiltons and the Du Barrys, and leave the Grace Darlings to the biographer.

Now and then, of course, there is an exception : Joan of Arc, for instance (though even she was regarded as bad enough to burn), and now that little paragon of all the virtues, Lady Jane Grey. When Mr. Michael Balcon first told me Gaumont-British were making a picture about the creature, I confess my heart sank. That she was charming and virtuous I did not doubt ; a youthful reading of Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, at a time when I was stranded in the country with no other form of diversion, had left me with a lasting conviction that if the Lily Maid had formed a union with Dr. Smiles, with Lord Avebury giving away the bride, this is the sort of child they would have hoped to produce. Is it not recorded that Jane had a thorough knowledge of needlework and music (" both instrumental and vocal "), and had " thoroughly mastered " Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, besides having " some acquaintance with at least three Oriental tongues "—Hebrew, Chaldean, and Arabic, compared with which French and Italian syntax are as child's play ? And all this, don't forget, before she was sixteen.

But drama ? That is another matter. To be of the stuff of which effective tragedy is made, it is not enough to lose your head. Drama arises from conflict—outward conflict, between the protagonist and other players ; inner conflict, between warring impulses in the protagonist's own soul. And frankly, poor Jane, though a likeable child enough, and so pathetically bullied at home that she actually read Plato and Demosthenes by way of recreation, did not strike me as fit material for a first-class picture.

Mr. Balcon and his director, young Robert Stevenson, have sidestepped the difficulty very prettily. They give us Jane all right, and a very beautiful, endearing child she is. But Jane is only a pawn. The dramatic figures are those sixteenth-century racketeers and gangsters, foxy old Somerset (the Johnny Torrio of his period) ; his young brother, handsome enough to have made a hit in the Chicago underworld, reckless enough to have been an ace machine-gunner ; and, dominating them all, the Capone of the piece, the relentless schemer who was also a first-rate man of action—Warwick.

Between them all—producer, director, and cast—they have made an historical picture which is as exciting as *Scarface*. There is no fake antique. The dialogue, for the most part in timeless idiom, is agreeably free of " Zounds's " and " Have at-thee's " ; the atmosphere is so firmly and naturally established from the beginning that you might be watching a tragedy of yesterday ; and the action moves so fast and so inevitably that the audience sit tense and silent, without any of the lighting of matches, the snatches of conversation, the coughings and the shifting in seats that are the sincerest form of criticism, because unconscious. It has been my portion to watch scores of historical pieces, both on stage and screen. I cannot remember one that held me, or an audience, more constantly enthralled.

The credit for this fine achievement must be divided between a number of people—Mr. Balcon, for having the courage and imagination to approve of the subject and entrust it to a new director ; Mr. Stevenson, making his first solo picture (he has been assistant before) at the age of thirty-one ; Mr. Malleson, for some terse, workmanlike dialogue, and one of the finest casts ever assembled in a British picture. Mr. Stevenson, of whom one knew little beyond the facts that he got a first at Cambridge, edited *Granta*, was president of the Union, and married Miss Anna Lee—commendable feats all, but not conclusive proof of ability to make good pictures—is obviously destined to be a force in British film production. His next effort is something with Boris Karloff : a purely commercial exercise which may or may not be well done. I hope that before long he will return to the historical field. That would seem to be his forte, and Heaven knows there is plenty of material waiting to be exploited.

The acting—and here is another proof of a director's touch—ranges from the competent to the magnificent. No actor living could have tackled Warwick with a fuller equipment than Sir Cedric Hardwicke's. His authority is enormous ; he can suggest, by the subtlest of nuances, the iron hand in the velvet glove ; he manages, by some magic quite independent of gesture and facial expression, to conjure up visions of the flaming passion leaping in mind and heart. If the essence of all arts is to achieve the greatest effects with the greatest economy of means, then Sir Cedric Hardwicke is one of the finest actors of our or any age. Not, perhaps, one of the most versatile ; though even here, as memories of *Christopher Bean* and *The Farmer's Wife* suggest, talented beyond the average. Sir Henry Irving was probably more effective in roaring melodrama like *The Bells* ; Tree may have been supreme in such a tour de force of artifice as Malvolio ; Sir George Alexander and Sir Gerald du Maurier may or may not have been his superiors in cup-and-saucer stuff.

But when you want a commanding man of action who is also a man of subtle, commanding intellect, then Hardwicke stands alone. I used to think the late Lyall Swete magnificent as Warwick in *Saint Joan*. Having seen this other Warwick in *Tudor Rose* I suggest that it would be worth reviving Shaw's masterpiece once again, if only for the delight of seeing Hardwicke as the soldier-statesman who embodies all that was typical of the later Middle Ages—its cynicism, its exquisite manners, its polished brutality, and (in that last nonchalant " I wonder . . . ? ") its hint of the Renaissance to come.

Heroine and Villain of " Tudor Rose "

Both Nova Pilbeam, as Lady Jane Grey, and Cedric Hardwicke, as the ambitious, unscrupulous Earl of Warwick, have received high praise in " Tudor Rose." This latest of English historical film successes is a Gainsborough production, was adapted and directed by Robert Stevenson, and is at the New Gallery

Sybille Schmitz plays the Russian Heroine

Karl Ludwig Diehl plays the Polish Hero

Both leads in "The Emperor's Candlesticks" are played by foreign actors well known over here. Karl Ludwig Diehl was with Paula Wessely in "Episode," and Sybille Schmitz was opposite the tenor Slezak in "Music in the Blood"

"The Emperor's Candlesticks"

An Orczyesque Film for the Curzon

The Emperor's Candlesticks is the second of Baroness Orczy's novels to be made film, and it is as romantically cosmopolitan as *The Scarlet Pimpernel* was revolutionarily picturesque. Karl Hartl directed this new piece, made by an All-Vienna unit; the counter-operating secret agents, George Wolenski and Anna Demidow, are played respectively by Karl Ludwig Diehl and Sybille Schmitz. The candlesticks in question are those whose secret panel was used as go-between by Marie Antoinette and her mother, Marie Thérèse. A more modern message about the Polish Conspiracy takes Polish agent Carl Ludwig Diehl and Russian agent Sybille Schmitz all over pre-war Europe after the Emperor's Candlesticks, from Paris to London, from the Vienna Opera Ball to the St. Petersburg Court. Such a plot affords opportunities (which are not missed) for fine shots and fine acting, and it all comes to the Curzon on the 21st

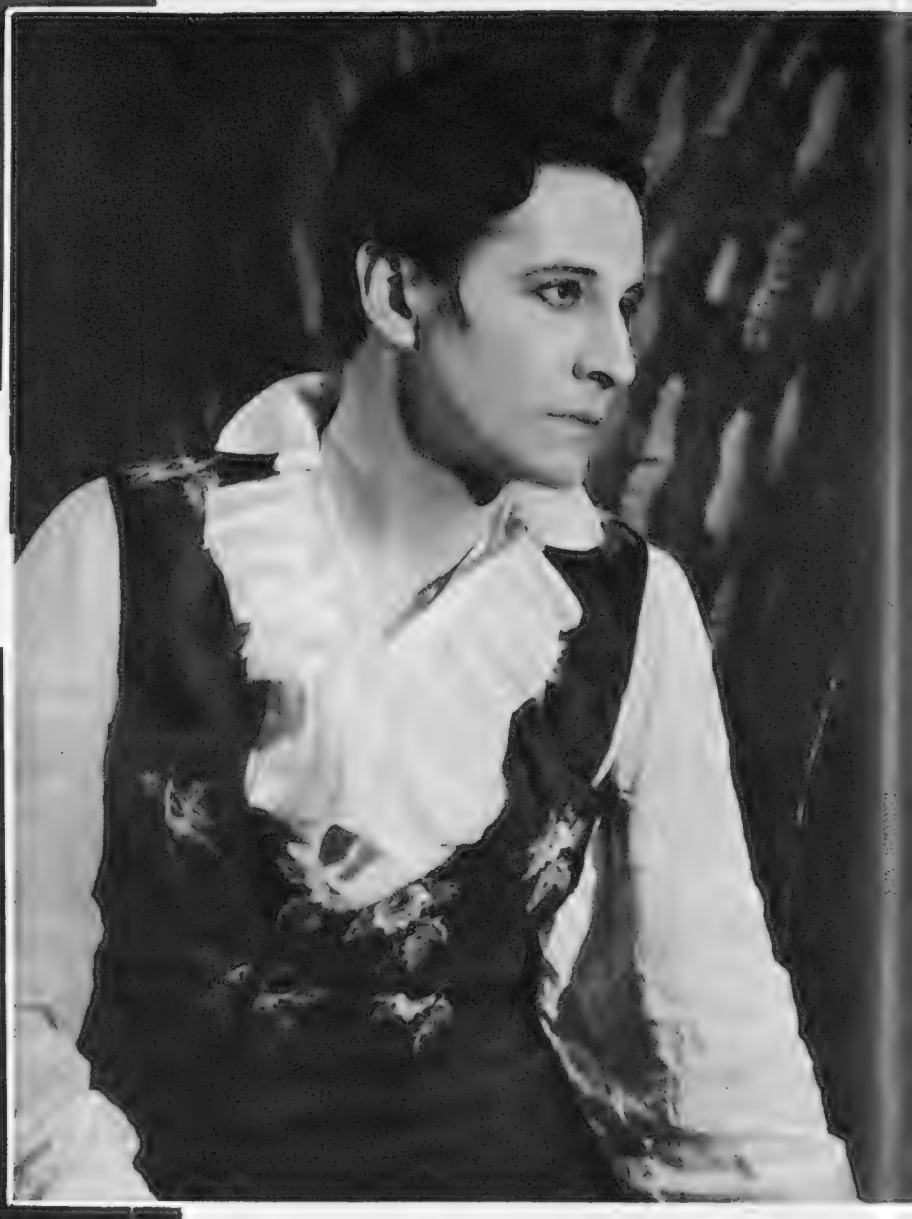
Here are the Candlesticks Themselves, with Sybille Schmitz

"The

Ivor Novello, Vivien Leigh and Isa

"Leave us! Your look withers our flowers"

Lord George Hell Discards a Dangerous Part of His Wicked Past



"Is this mask perhaps no mean trick after all?"

The New Lord George Hell—

"The moon here is so pallid a creature. In my country the smallest star shines brighter than your English moon"

Isabel Jeans as the Italian Dancer, La Gambogi

THE "play in words and music" that Clemence Dane and Richard Addinsell have made from Max Beerbohm's rake's-progress fantasy is as witty and unexpected a fairy tale for the stage as the gods themselves might bestow on London. It should as permanently fill a theatre as *Lady Precious Stream*. Acting, production (Maurice Colbourne's), dresses and decor (Motley genius again), and Ivor Novello's make-up are one as excellent as the other. One can't imagine a more unpierceable disguise than Mr. Novello's when he plays Lord George Hell before that gentleman's progress took an upward path. Vivien Leigh is a delightful and so-pretty Jenny Mere, and Isabel Jeans is as hard and sparkling and decorative as the kind of diamond La Gambogi herself might wear. Marius Goring, Carl Harbord, Viola Tree, William Dewhurst, Stafford Hilliard and Charles Lefeaux all play leading parts in a large cast

appy Hypocrite"

l Jeans in the Max Beerbohm Fantasy at His Majesty's

Photographs by John Everard

"His own gluttonous, drunken, love-nothing, care-nothing, fear-nothing face"

—And the Old

"Lovers are poor
foolish derry-docks:
They tell time
by dandelion clocks

"Lovers are sweet
silly gomeralls:
Change their tune
as any cuckoo calls"

"Alas, poor dove ensnared"

Vivien Leigh as Jenny Mere

"I think, my love, I will have bread and honey and little strawberries"

One of the Four Engine-Gondolas

Captain Lehmann, the Hinden points out a passing landmark. listeners is Dr. Christiansen, man the Deutsche Zeppelin-Reederei, the

The Hindenburg

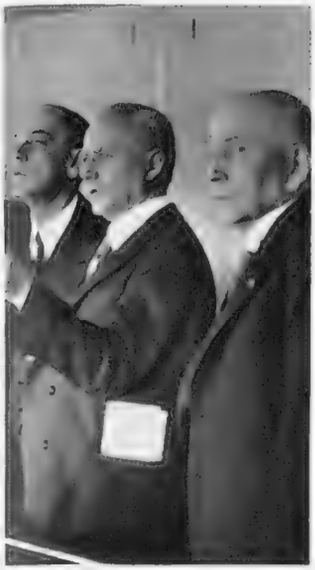
Germany's Great Airship Crosses the North Atlantic

These photographs of the great airship Hindenburg were taken during her first passenger flight, when 145 people went up in her for the day. Last Wednesday she started from Friedrichshafen on her first trip across the North Atlantic, carrying her full complement of fifty passengers (twice as many as the Graf Zeppelin takes), and two tons (she can carry 10 tons) of freight worth £10,000. Her four 1000-h.p. Diesel engines give her a cruising speed of 80 knots, and a range of 8000 miles, and she carries a crew of thirty-five. It is an astounding thought that this air-mammoth, 814 feet long, is only one-fifth less than the Queen Mary's length, and as broad as the biggest German steamer on the South American service

Corner of the Bar on B Deck

A Stateroom

The Dining-Car Set for a Banquet



burg's "Führer," Centre of his three aging director of operating company

Distant view of the Graf Zeppelin from the Hindenburg's "bridge"—the control car under her bow

A relief engineer visits the starboard forward gondola during flight

Left: the Hindenburg on the Friedrichshafen landing-ground

Not only is there no vibration on the Hindenburg, there 's no consciousness of movement at all unless one looks out, say, of the dining-room windows. All the staterooms are decorated in different colours, and have hot and cold water running into celluloid basins. The control system is entirely electric—there 's not a mercurial instrument aboard—and there are telephones to fourteen points throughout the ship. There 's also a separate research department

London Monuments

No. 5. The Royal Artillery Memorial

By Charles Sargeant Jagger

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

AFTER the Duke of Connaught unveiled the Gunner Memorial at Hyde Park Corner in 1925, it became for months the topic of heated controversy as to its merits and demerits. Of all war memorials, it was the most discussed. Now, eleven years later, it is probably the most looked-at and the oftenest admired of all the modern monuments in London. Its site is a superb one, and the great stone 9·2 howitzer and the bronze figures standing below it have a strength and grandeur that familiarity seems to make more impressive. By this commemoration of nearly 50,000 killed and 140,000 wounded and missing, Jagger himself may well be longest remembered

SPEED . . .

. . . AT WHITE CITY

AN ACTION STUDY OF RACING GREYHOUNDS . . . by Gilbert Holiday

Racing greyhounds at full stretch . . . turf scattering to the swift thud of flying feet . . . speed up to 35-40 miles per hour on that last burst of speed to the finishing line.

This striking painting of the leaders in a race at White City captures something of the thrill of thoroughbred track greyhounds on the home straight.

Three Beauties from Warwickshire

Drawn by Molly Bishop

Lady Willoughby de Broke

Left: Lady Willoughby de Broke is one of the few long-haired beauties in Warwickshire or anywhere else. She was Rachel Wrey before her 1933 marriage; is as enthusiastic a flyer as her husband. They live at Woodley House, Kineton. Lord Willoughby de Broke was Master and joint-Master of the Warwickshire from 1929 till last year

Mrs. Philip Dunne

Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham

Mrs. Smith-Bingham and her husband live at Wykham Park on the borders of Oxfordshire, but they hunt with the Warwickshire. She was Jean Garland; has two children—a boy aged four and a baby girl; is still brown after her winter trip to Florida. She and her husband have taken Castle Grant, Lady Seafield's place, for August and September this year

Mrs. Philip Dunne is of the romantic type of beauty, with her black hair and white skin—a most attractive and intelligent person. Her husband is another ex-Master of the Warwickshire. He was "joint" with Lord Willoughby de Broke for three years

The "Bystander" Bookshelf: By Alan Thomas

Dame Ethel Smyth Sums Up

"As Time Went On," by Ethel Smyth (Longman's; 15*s.*), is a sequel to *Impressions that Remained*, published in 1919. Those who remember that book or who are familiar with Dame Ethel's other writings, will know what to expect, and will not be disappointed. The intense individuality, the tempestuous, uncompromising eagerness and verve, the "attack"—in the musical sense—which scatters people's wits, all the qualities, in fact, which prompted Archbishop Benson's remark that in her Mass God was not implored but *commanded* to have mercy—all these qualities remain unsubdued by time. This latest volume takes up the story where it was left in her previous book, at 1891, and carries it on to the death of her father in 1894. It is the tale mainly of her renewed relations with Henry Brewster, whose letters, with those of Lady Ponsonby, Mrs. Benson, Vernon Lee, Maurice Baring, and E. S. herself, supplement the narrative.

In the final chapter—a noble piece of writing—she sums up her life. "The difficulty in my case," she says, "has been that from the very first, for some reason or other, what I call the Machine was against me." The Machine—that is, the lucrative, reputation-making complex of influences which direct the musical life of the nation. In modern terminology, the racket. One is tempted to believe that if the Machine was against her, it was probably because she had an overplus of grit. But she bears no rancour, and at the age of seventy-eight, when her income is halved by a slump in the Argentine and composing has to be abandoned, she turns to and writes these brilliant memoirs. What music has lost literature has gained.

Good-bye Picture

Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell and artist Richard Wyndham have gone to Vigo, in Portugal, and were photographed catching the Almanzora boat train at Waterloo

"Greengates," by R. C. Sherriff (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a charming book. It tells the story of Tom Baldwin's retirement after forty-one years' service in an Insurance Office. Unlike the men who, on retirement, fall to dabbling in anæmic hobbies with the cheerless object of killing time, Tom resolves to "select an aim: one intense purpose on which he can concentrate his whole enthusiasm and win his way to recognition." This is easier said than done. The plan crumbles, and Edie, his wife, coming upon him one evening, sees in his face "a despairing appeal that broke all the barriers that weeks of petty squabbling had built between them."

Then, unexpectedly, new hope is born. In the valley of Welden, out beyond Stanmore, the Baldwins find their journey's end. A new house is built: the old house in Brondesbury Terrace is sold, and life begins afresh. As secretary of the village club, Tom becomes the life and soul of the community.

I doubt if there is any author writing to-day who knows the mind of the suburban dweller better than Mr. Sherriff, and who can squeeze more pathos and humour from the trivialities of life. The background of his story is the little, bounded world of Tom Baldwin's experience—in some ways like the club he wanted at Welden. "A club for nice people . . . all the rules to protect the nice ones and keep the nasty ones out." The sort of world, in fact, that most of us would like to live in. But if the setting is small the characters are so faithfully portrayed that to take leave of them is like parting from old friends. I enjoyed *Greengates* from beginning to end.

The *Old King Cole* who gives his title to Mr. Edward Shank's latest novel (published by Macmillan at 7*s.* 6*d.*) bears no resemblance to the merry monarch we sang of in the nursery. He was, in fact, a country squire who ruled the village of Temple Overroads like a despot. And, more than that, Justin Cole, whose ancestral tree was rooted in Roman soil, had a sense of the past—and of very little else. According to legend, Temple Overroads "was the one piece of Britain that was never conquered again after the Romans went, not by the Angles and the Saxons, nor yet by the Normans, so that it is still verily a kingdom itself and its lord admits it to be a part of England only by courtesy and for the avoidance of strife." "Coles," moreover, from time immemorial, "presided over cross-roads." Small wonder then that the proposal of the County Council to take the main road miles away from Temple Overroads arouses Cole's wrath. If the gods above will not help him to frustrate so monstrous a proposal, then he will move Acheron. The form of this terrible propitiation (the nature of which I leave you to discover) marks the climax of the book.

This is not a major work, but it is a good story well told. A less experienced author might have had difficulty in drawing a convincing picture of a man like Justin Cole, who seemed at first to have something in common with the light that never was on sea or land. But Mr. Shanks, by his artistry, has succeeded in bringing him to life—and, I am thankful to say, in putting him to death.

The best way to read Vicki Baum's new novel, *Career* (Geoffrey Bles; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is to take it in large doses with a pinch of salt. Then, perhaps, it is possible to believe in the multitude of characters, events and passions that crowd the pages of this book. It is no small tribute to Vicki Baum's talent to say that however abnormal or improbable her characters may seem, she can create a fleeting illusion that they are real. The career of Doris Hart, a penniless German immigrant to New York, may be said to have begun when her equally penniless lover, Basil Nemiroff, shot her on finding her in compromising circumstances with the son of a millionaire. Basil gets ten years' imprisonment; Doris an impaired heart from the bullet, and enough compensation from the millionaire père to train as an opera singer. Her other objective is to help Basil to regain his freedom. She achieved these two aims after a series of set-backs which were all surmounted by her willingness to give her body to any man who could help her. In the peculiar world of musicians in which she moved, that appeared to be the first essential to success as a prima donna. Indeed, the behaviour of the people in this book is so raffish and eccentric that one has no hesitation in accepting the judgment of Doris that they were all "a bit gaga." She herself is no exception. There could be no other excuse for her obsession to sacrifice herself for Basil, who seemed to me even crazier than the rest of them. This book is admirably translated by Basil Creighton.

New Imperial Air Links

By Charles Ward

Twice a Week to Australia

THE air mail to Singapore, which left Croydon last Wednesday, will be connected by the first of the bi-weekly services to Australia. In future, there will be two mails a week right through from London to Sydney, giving connections also to New Zealand, New Guinea, and the Solomon Islands. The next development on this 12,000-mile air route will occur in 1937, when the Empire flying-boats commence their day and night schedule, almost halving the present journey time. The line to Hong-Kong is now in flying order, the junction with the main route being at Penang and the terminus at Kai Tak Airport. An extension northwards to Shanghai is planned, with a logical ending somewhere in Japan, provided that the Japanese are willing to co-operate. The last flight between Johannesburg and Cape Town by Imperial Airways has been completed—in future the South African Government will handle the air mail within the Union. Continuity of services will be maintained, of course, but with a change of 'planes and personnel on all South African domestic routes. Junkers liners with Rolls-Royce engines and Airspeed "Envoys" from Portsmouth form the bulk of the fleet.

Racing to the Isle of Man

AT Whitsun week-end there are to be air races at the Isle of Man. The first is a race from Hanworth to Douglas Bay, with a compulsory landing at Liverpool Airport, finishing at the Ronaldshay Aerodrome; and the second, the Manx Air Derby, consists of three circuits of the Island. Both events are open to aircraft of all types, with a handicap on estimated performance. The abstruse calculations are in the hands of Messrs. Dancy and Rowarth, who always do a similar job for the King's Cup Race and know the performance of almost everything with wings. "Jimmy" Jeffs will be in control at Hanworth to see that everyone gets away in good order. Entry forms and all data can be had from Captain Rex Stocken at 18, Lower Regent Street, London; he is the organiser and manager for the occasion. A notable entry for the King's Cup Race is the "Mew Gull," again by the Duke of Kent. Captain Edgar Percival, the designer, will pilot this 'plane as before, and if he can get a few more miles an hour, should be in the first three. Previously, he has been severely handicapped, and in fact, it is many years since the fastest machine won the Cup. The Duke of Kent has no aircraft of his own, but he is keen on flying and often uses the King's Moths or "Dragons."

Sasha

Sir Malcolm Campbell (centre) opens Simpson's, the new men's store in Piccadilly. On the left is Mr. Farquhar Johnson, who has organised the fifth, or flying, floor, and on the right Mr. J. Alexander Simpson himself

Personalities in the Air

MR. W. LINDSAY EVERARD, who contributed an article to our Flying Number, has been elected chairman of the Royal Aero Club, after serving for many years as an active member of the Committee. His private aerodrome at Ratcliffe is the finest in the country—fully equipped for night landings and with accommodation for a dozen aircraft. His own fleet includes Moths and "Dragons," which take part in most of the British and European rallies. An award which will please everyone interested in flying is that of the British Gold Medal for Aeronautics to Dr. Hugo Eckener. We admire not only his technical ability in directing the design and conducting the successful trials of the "Hindenburg," but his courage in resisting attempts to use his airship for political propaganda when it should have been engaged on serious scientific work. H. L. Brooks, who flew to Australia during the 1934 MacRobertson Trophy Race and subsequently broke the record on his return in a Miles "Falcon," is on his way to the Cape in a Hillson "Praga." This is the second attempt to fly to South Africa in an ultra-light 'plane—something less than a Moth. The other flight by David Llewelyn in an "Aeronca" occupied nearly three weeks to Johannesburg, but he flew in atrocious weather and proved his point—that the 20-35-horse-power aircraft is a practical proposition. The "Praga" is a high-wing monoplane with 35-horse-power to give it a speed of 80. There are two seats, room for week-end luggage, and it is to be sold in England for £385. R. L'Estrange Malone's tour of Europe for Airwork of Heston has been most satisfactory. His 'plane is a "Vega" Gull, the same type as that which Mrs. Amy Mollison is using on the Cape flight.

"The Aeroplane"

A pupil from "Air Service Training," coming in to land at Hamble. At this University flying centre, tuition can be had on every type—landplane, seaplane, flying-boat, single and multi-engined aircraft

At Heston

IT would be safe to assume that there is always something new to see at Heston. The latest novelty, now engaged on a tour of Europe prior to appearing at the Stockholm Show, was a "Dragon," equipped with fifty different types of instrument by Smith's. Everything from a spirit-level of uncanny accuracy to an "Eagle" camera and blind-landing apparatus was installed. Heston's contribution to the gaiety of the Cup Final is already well known. Pilots obeyed the rules, kept within the law, and their passengers secured quite a fair record of the game. We await the Helicopter to achieve perfection in cinematography from the air. Control at Heston is now vested in the Air Ministry—budding aspirants for jobs on high towers are trained at London's private airport. Flight-Lieut. W. E. Symonds has just completed a course to qualify him for duty in the Martello Tower at Gatwick, which is to be London South, and Captain H. J. Saint is going through it for a similar post at Doncaster. Captain Saint, unlike many of his colleagues, is a very old hand in the flying game. His commercial licence is No. 1, and he was for many years chief test pilot for Glosters. Increased commercial activity at Heston is balanced by a corresponding growth of private air traffic, which still accounts for the major part of aircraft movements. A "movement" is a take-off or a landing—something which wears out the grass and causes anxiety in the control tower until it is safely out of sight, either in the haze or the hangar.

Debutantes Out-of-Doors

The Hon. Patricia Macpherson

Patricia Macpherson makes the only indoor photograph of the page. She is Lord and Lady Strathcarron's daughter: her mother is Sir John Rhodes' sister; her father was made Baron Strathcarron at the New Year —he was the Rt. Hon. Sir Ian Macpherson

Miss Joy Johnston

Joy Johnston met the photographer in Hyde Park. She is Mrs. Stewart Johnston's seventeen-year-old step-daughter, and a step-sister of Eileen Watson. Mrs. Johnston is giving a dance for her at Ascot on June 15th

Miss Iris Ryle and Miss Jacqueline ffrench

This picture was taken outside Mrs. Alexis ffrench's house in Chelsea: Iris Ryle, who came out last year, is Mrs. ffrench's daughter, Jacqueline ffrench is her step-daughter — she is sixteen and a this year's debutante. Mrs. ffrench is to give a dance for them both on July 13th

Miss Patricia Hambro and Miss Marjorie Duncan

Patricia Hambro and Marjorie Duncan were together for their out-of-door photograph. Marjorie Duncan is Mrs. Walter Duncan's daughter—her mother will give a dance for her at 53, Cadogan Square, on May 26th

Miss Hannah Marks

Hannah Marks' picture was taken in Hyde Park too. She is the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Marks, and her mother is giving a dance for her on the twenty-fourth of next month

The Hon. Ava Baird

Ava Baird had her picture taken in the garden of Bryanston Square; she is Lord and Lady Stonehaven's youngest (seventeen-year-old) daughter. Her eldest sister is the Hon. Mrs. Michael Mason

"Bystander" Short Story No. 37

What a Party!: By Claudia Parsons

At the end of the long drawing-room, Sir Willoughby Stratton was arranging an exquisite bar. This was the occasion of one of his celebrated parties, and the preparations had already reached that stage when Stratton wondered why he ever gave parties at all.

But he was incapable of analysing his motives. He belonged to the precandour school, and would have been pained if anyone had told him that he gave parties from habit, from lack of other diversion, and that his special interest in bright young things sprang from a horror of being thought a back number.

Sir Willoughby had grown up in the naughty 'nineties and been a leader of the jeunesse dorée of Edwardian days. He did not realise that the qualities that had fitted him as a host and guest of that period could only hamper him in cultivating the young things of to-day. He did not know that he was looked upon by them as an exquisite specimen

Jane Glee had shot at three chauffeurs in a mews

from the Victoria and Albert, whose grand manner was at first amusing and then boring. Even his contemporaries shook their heads and said, "Poor Willoughby, he ought to be a grandfather."

Certainly, as the gap increased between Sir Willoughby and the younger set, the parties became more of a strain to him. But he persevered, and to-night, as usual, the guests with the greatest publicity value would all be assembled. And later he would enjoy reading in some chatty society column, "Mrs. Portenheim was a striking figure at Sir Willoughby Stratton's party the other evening," and put in such a way that those who did not know that Sir Willoughby Stratton was giving a party must blush for shame at their ignorance.

Nevertheless, it was getting increasingly difficult to lure Flora Portenheim to his house, and a party without Flora was not one of which you would be proud. You were no good unless you could amuse Flora.

For this reason Willoughby had been obliged to ask Jervis Cotton to come to-night, though if there was one man in London that Stratton detested, it was Jervis Cotton. His name, Stratton thought, exactly described him. But Flora would not go to a party unless Cotton was there.

Jervis Cotton had once written a facetious book, and since then had basked in the adoration of everyone who mattered. He said and did exactly what he liked. Everything about him was in direct opposition to Sir Willoughby's ideas of what a man should be, and this revolting creature was coming to-night. But not very willingly.

A moment ago Cotton's lazy drawl had reached Stratton by way of the telephone, announcing that Jervis could not possibly get to the party before twelve.

"Twelve! But it will be nearly over by then," said Stratton, and did not add, "I hope." The inclination, retained from early training, to be polite at any cost made Stratton so defenceless and sometimes so dull. "Flora will be very disappointed if she doesn't find you here," he went on.

"Flora? Oh, I 'm bringing Flora."

"Oh, well, do try and come earlier. We 'd like to have more of your company than that."

"How valiant you are, Stratton, when you really loathe the sight of me. But I can't come straight on from the Valentines'. I should be *jaded*. I *must* go back and have a rest."

This had not soothed Sir Willoughby. He looked up at the huge buffalo-head that hung upon the wall above the telephone and remembered how he had once tapped it and said to Cotton, "You ought to go out to Kenya and get a few of these, Cotton." And Jervis had replied, "What a re*volt*ing idea!"

Other irritating news had also come through the telephone. The famous Gilot, who was to have come and crooned to the guests, had rung up and said, in a hoarse whisper, that three weeks of

"You ought to go out to Kenya and get a few of these, Cotton"

almost incessant crooning had strained his throat, and he was sending a substitute.

Finally Sonia Campbell, the brightest of the bright young things, and known in some papers as the Queen of Whoopee, rang up and asked if she might bring Freddie.

"I suppose Freddie is the latest boy friend?" said Sir Willoughby, pronouncing *boy friend* as if it were in inverted commas. But he liked showing that he was acquainted with their jargon.

"Rattie, darling, you are always *so* romantic. I suppose Freddie *is* a boy friend. He 's been to tea with you, only you didn't very much like him. He kept lifting Lady Fox's top-piece, or toupet, or whatever she calls it."

"What! That monkey? Really, Sonia, I think that 's more than I can deal with. Can't you leave it with a friend for to-night?"

(Concluded on page 300)

Sketches by Walter Goetz

About the hour when his guests were due to arrive, he was enjoying a Turkish bath

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Lenare

So much of a woman's grace and "poise" depends upon the shoes she is wearing, while comfort in the ballroom is particularly necessary. Light, flexible sandals with specially reinforced "shanks" which support the instep are being sponsored by Dolcis, 350, Oxford Street, including the group pictured above, which has recently crossed the Atlantic. Red satin and gold-figured kid make the pair at the top of the stand, with high Spanish heels. Below, on the left, is a pair of openwork silver kid sandals for 59s. 6d., studded with coloured stones. A backless sandal in black crêpe trimmed with silver or gold kid is worn by the model, who is holding a similar design in gold cord basket-weave. Two versions of the toeless sandal are seen on the ground. Those on the left are piped with silver and have flat heels, while the others are of white satin ornamented with gold kid, and only cost 29s. 9d.

Feathers Flutter Into Fashion

What could be more charming for summer evenings than this lovely cape from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street? Like a shower of rose-petals, it is composed of swans' feathers dyed a soft shade of pink. Each petal is delicately curled and mounted on silk, while the collar forms a ruffle round the neck. It costs five guineas, and is available in black and pastel shades. There are others in marabou, a relic of bygone days, in various sizes from 48s. 6d.

Philip Harben

When H.M. King Edward VIII. visited the South African stand at the British Industries Fair, he said: "I would like to see ostrich feathers come back, but how can I move the fashions?" These beautiful plumes will naturally, therefore, return to favour. Marshall and Snelgrove are showing capes and other accessories composed of them. The colour-schemes are artistic, subtle, and unusual; a study in black and pink is seen on the right

the bystander twins in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by peta
pictured by pam

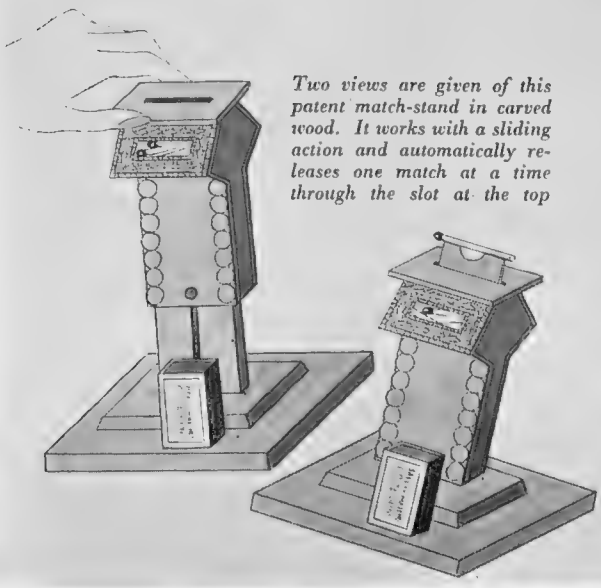
The new "Bobble" wrist-watch for sports wear has arrived at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly. It is seen below in coloured Chinese lacquer with a leather bracelet. An extra strong magnifying-glass enlarges the dial, while it has a fifteen-jewel movement

"Drink and be merry" with this unusual beer tankard from Fortnum and Mason. It is made of Cornish pewter, with a double glass base, containing three dice. Needless to say, the loser pays for the next round!

Black and yellow is the colour scheme for this patent leather bag from Debenham and Freebody. It is lined with black moiré, and fitted with a loose purse and mirror. The grip handle is practical and smart

This bag has appropriately been christened the "Queen Mary," and is carried out in dark blue calf with red and white markings. Three chromium funnels lend a realistic touch, while the price is only 29s. 6d. at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street

Brightly coloured scarves are fashionable, and the two sketched come from Jay's, Regent Street. Striped, reversible silk makes the one above, while the one on the right is rather more extravagant. It is made of blue and orange mousseline, sprayed with white, and is accompanied by a handkerchief



Two views are given of this patent match-stand in carved wood. It works with a sliding action and automatically releases one match at a time through the slot at the top

What a Party!

(Continued from page 296)

"All my friends are going to be at your party, darling."

"Well, can't you shut it up?"

"Rattie, you are heartless."

"Yes; but you remember it broke that lovely bit of Dresden . . ."

"Oh, you are a bore, Rattie. That means I can't come. Well, never mind."

In the end Sir Willoughby gave way. Sonia and her associates moved in a solid phalanx. If Sonia had not come, a quarter of the party would have stayed away, and amongst them some of the most valued guests. The Bolingbrokes, who had started the "Wedding Presents Exchange and Mart Bureau"; and Sammy, who had flown the Atlantic, and never confessed that he thought it was the Channel; and Phyllis and Dorene, who had started a hat-shop with only one hat, and that belonging to a friend; and Jane Glee, who had shot at three chauffeurs in a mews.

Stratton now went out, and in Knightsbridge met Lady Victoria Fortune, who was an adornment to any drawing-room if she came without her daughters. Willoughby had preferred to think that the daughters were still in Malta when he invited only the mother. But now she came up to him and said, "So looking forward to your party, Willoughby. We all are. You meant me to bring the girls, didn't you?" And she drifted away.

"Now, that," thought Willoughby, "is a shabby trick." He could not have said no, and it was well known that when Victoria appeared with her daughters she was putting a price on her acceptance.

He went home in the frame of mind in which men commit unprecedented acts. More than half of his guests, including Cotton and a monkey, were only being tolerated in order to secure the rest. And now the four Fortune girls were being foisted on him. In fact, the guests he really wanted were so ungrateful and unwilling that they had no compunction in naming their price. Very well, then.

He said to his butler. "My guests will arrive at all hours, and probably in large parties. Show them into the long drawing-room." Then he went to his club, and at about the hour when they were due to arrive at his house, he was enjoying a Turkish bath.

The high temperature made him always a little light-headed. With unusually accurate vision he saw that he was foolish, trying to foist himself on a society that had no need of him. Why not go on another big-game hunting expedition? *That* was life. Or was it merely fleeing from defeat? But at least he would have scored a point before leaving.

He pictured the consternation of his guests arriving and finding no host. He saw indifference turning to disappointment as they were obliged to go home. He smiled, but it was an uneasy smile. After his massage he slept, and at midnight went home; but the windows of his house were still brilliantly lit, and cars were drawn up all along the street. There was every sign that a merry party was in progress.

This was very unexpected. He went again to his club, and came back at two. But it was not till half-past three, when, unable again to face the club porter, he had walked all round St. James's Park and through Berkeley Square to Marble Arch and down Park Lane, that he could get into his house. There, for several days, he was laid up with a chill. In fact, he nearly died. Quite a number of people rang up, or called, to congratulate him on the party, and to all these the butler reported that Sir Willoughby could see and speak to no one.

"Jolly parties like yours are just what my girls need"

In the papers, Stratton read that everyone was talking of the successful and amusing party given by Sir Willoughby Stratton, who was, by common consent, one of the most skilful and tactful hosts in London. And there followed a list of guests from which he learnt that every one of his bêtes noires and his favourites had been present. He was the only absentee, and no one had noticed.

"My party appears to have gone well," Sir Willoughby said drily to his butler.

"Yes, Sir," said the butler, but seemed reluctant to say more.

When Stratton was stronger, however, the butler led him round the house. the best piece of Dresden was still intact, but how *had* they managed to smash that alabaster urn in the niche above the stairs? "I suppose that was that blasted monkey?" said Stratton.

"No, Sir, it was the guests."

The cruellest blow was the tiger head that had had its eyes picked out. "I bet that's that fellow Cotton," murmured Willoughby.

"No, Sir, it was the monkey."

This was the price Willoughby paid for the reception that greeted him when he was again able to go out, and when he gradually discovered what his party had been like, and why he had previously failed as a host.

Jane Glee said, "I say, Rattie, *what* a party! You were *marvellous* letting us fool around with all your old junk. You know, even the Bolingbrokes have never seen such record specimens. Your butler got a bit annoyed, didn't he? I wish you'd come and visit me in my mews. . . ."

Sonia said, "Rattie darling, Freddie and I just loved your party. Of course, that game of Sardines will go down to history. I shall never, never forget finding Jervis and the eldest Misfortune. Of course, it was typical of Jervis to hide in one of your spare beds, but who *would* have thought that one of the Misfortunes would be the first to find him? Jervis generally has better luck."

Lady Victoria could not thank him enough. "I left the young people, Willoughby. I couldn't find you in the dark, to say good-bye. I knew you would excuse me. They had just put the lights out for some game called Sardines. My dear, jolly parties like yours are just what my girls need. It's made all the difference to Millicent. She's having her hair waved. Now, what about dining with me on Thursday?"

But when Flora and Cotton praised his party, Willoughby said, "So you enjoyed yourselves, did you? Well, I enjoyed myself, too. After working hard all day, I find that stomach massage particularly invigorating."

Flora and Cotton looked at each other. "That must have been one of the games we missed," said Cotton.

"Oh, of course, I was referring to my Turkish bath. I had three hours of the most delightful relaxation."

Flora, a sherry glass poised in mid-air, looked earnestly at Stratton. "Do you mean, Rattie, that you weren't at that party at all?"

"I do."

Flora again looked at Cotton, then she smiled as she had never smiled at Willoughby before. "Rattie, how *marvellous*! Do you know, I never knew before that you had a sense of humour? I really believe you're rather a pet. What about coming to my little show on Thursday?"

"My dear Flora, I am sorry. That is the second invitation I have had for Thursday, but I am unable to accept either, for I am leaving on that day for Kenya."

THE END.

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C.F.H.10

Lord Louis Mountbatten

Is back in England from Gibraltar. He played in his first polo match since his return for the Bluejackets v. Manor Farm, at Ranelagh

Mr. J. Profumo and Mr. R. Budgett

The Oxford University polo season opened ten days ago. This year's captain is R. Budgett (right); with him is Jack Profumo

Miss Le Boutillier and Miss Brown

Florence Le Boutillier (U.S.A.) is to compete at Wimbledon. Valentine Brown beat her at Bournemouth, the day after her arrival here

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

As I write, the weather has taken a decided turn for the better. All day the sun has been shining brilliantly, and the Indian cricketers are beginning to thaw a little. Possibly jubilation on this score is premature, but for the present the auguries for summer sport are good.

Lawn tennis has started cheerfully, and after the Hard Court Championships we may well agree that our prospects of retaining the Davis Cup are, to say the least of it, encouraging. Perry, in winning his fifth successive title, tried himself hard. In that first set against Austin he put his physique, as well as his skill, to the most severe test. There can be no doubt that Perry's back is sound, and my expert tells me that his strategy is still improving.

Perry has all the strokes, but every year he seems to use them more judiciously. His masked driving kept Austin puzzled, and here the contrast was particularly interesting, for Austin, producing beautiful strokes, nevertheless made his intention plain, whereas Perry, with this shorter swing, concealed the direction of his attack.

It is clear, I think, that Perry's rest has done him a great deal of good. He had played tennis for so long without a break that he needed not only physical recuperation, but a time for considering the development of his own technique.

J. H. Crawford, to my mind, could do with such a rest, and I am wondering how we shall rank the world's leading players when this season is over. Perry will probably be No. 1, but then the competition becomes severe. Crawford is a great artist. He beat Perry three times out of four last year, once when Perry was absolutely fit.

I have an idea, though, that von Cramm, the brilliant young German, may forge ahead. He is already in the first four, at a conservative estimate, and some would put him second only to Perry. Do you remember the perfect tennis he played against Donald Budge of California in the semi-final round at Wimbledon last year? Budge's power, his speed, and his prodigious smashing would have swept a lesser opponent off the court, but von Cramm that day was a master, applying the decisive thrust when the vital point was needed. Von Cramm's volleying needs tightening up. That done, here will be a challenger indeed.

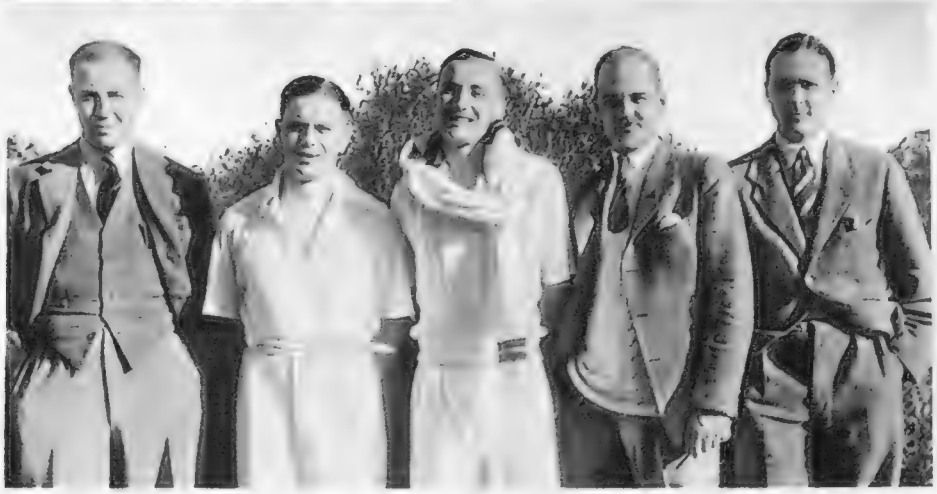
Then what of Budge, who has still to consolidate the technique which his splendid physique places within his reach? He is probably as promising as any of the younger players. And Allison, more firmly established after his splendid form at Forest Hills, we shall watch with acute interest.

These considerations do, at any rate, make us reflect that all is well with championship lawn tennis, but we cannot so

(Continued on page vi)

Left: opening the season. P. G. Foster and M. R. Barton opened Oxford's innings against Gloucestershire in the first match of the term. There were three days' good cricket at Oxford, and the University beat the county by 34 runs

Below: closing the season. Major Cadbury's squash team played their last match against the Rump Club, and, by winning, concluded an unbeaten season. In the photo are Major Cadbury, J. F. Boucher, F. E. Cadbury, F. C. Dawnay, and A. G. C. King



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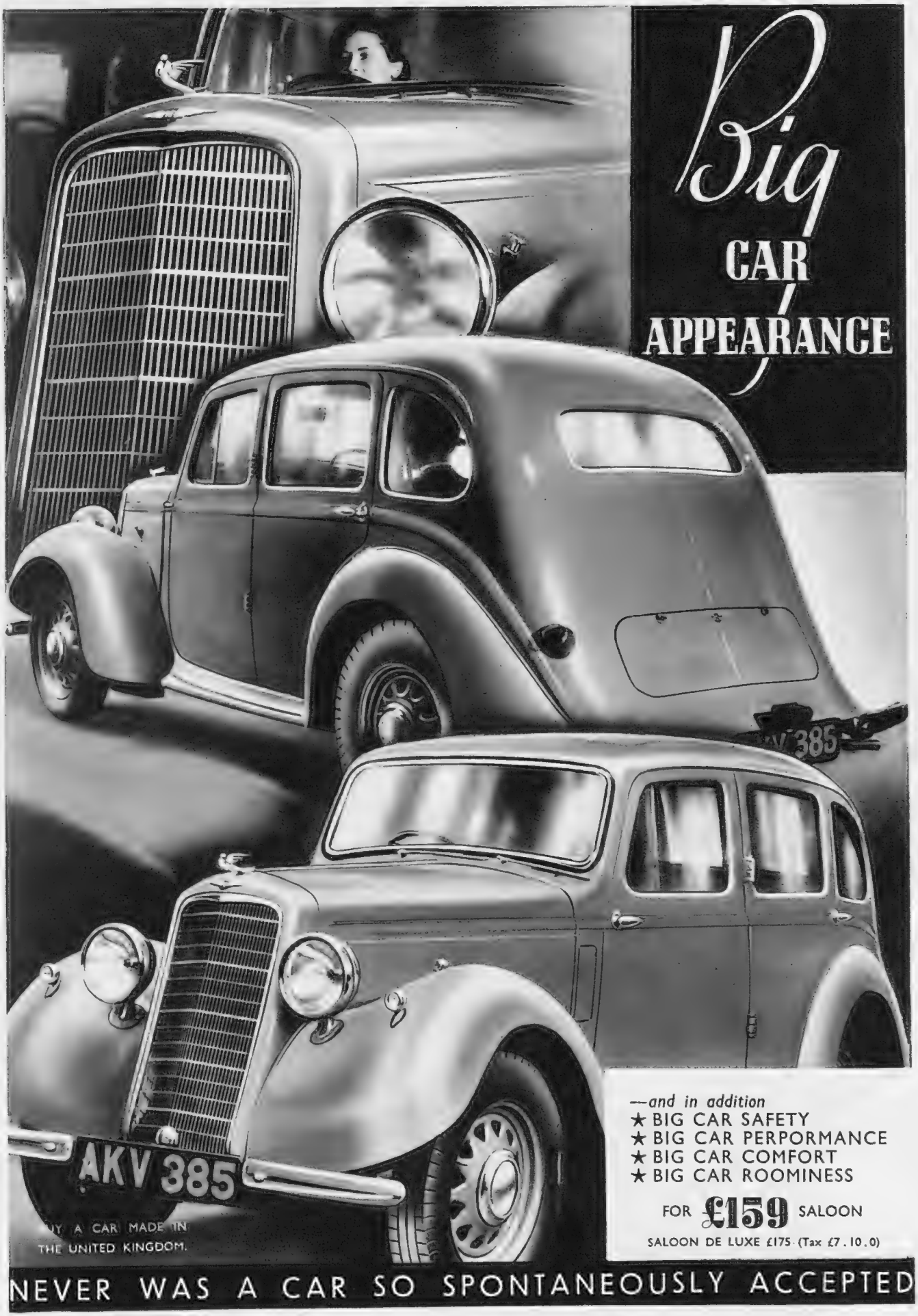

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C.F.H. 137

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Afterthoughts on the English Championship

How H. G. Bentley (Hesketh) beat J. D. A. Langley (Northwood) in the final of the English Championship on the links of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club by 5 holes up and 4 to play is now golfing history.

Thus once more a Southern golfer has failed to win this championship; T. A. Bourn, the only winner who has entered from a London club, was born in Durham, so he can hardly be called a Southerner. It is very strange that so many London golfers have won the Amateur Championship, and yet cannot win the English. It was a very open championship, and even when the last eight players were known, there was no one who was willing to attempt to name the winner with any confidence. However, when the finalists were known, I think there were many who thought that Bentley, with his greater experience, would win.

Amongst other reasons, I was pleased to see Harry Bentley victorious because he is one of the very few people playing in championships who, when asked how they happened to get beaten, reply that the other man has played better than they have. This reason for defeat is most unusual among the competitors in championships. The usual reason is that although the loser has played extremely well, he has been very unfortunate to come up against a man who has enjoyed miraculous luck and whom the defeated, with equal luck, could beat ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

Winner of the Scottish Championship

E. D. Hamilton (Ralston), seen with the Cup, won the Scottish Amateur Championship at Carnoustie, Forfarshire; he beat Robert Neill (East Renfrewshire; right) on the thirty-sixth green in the final, which concluded a week of perfect golfing weather

On the Wednesday of this championship, everyone I met at lunch time told me that they had been out in 35 or less, with the exception of Douglas Fiddian. It was not necessary for Fiddian to go out in 35 and as I had seen every shot he played, it would have been of little use for him to tell me he had been out in fewer strokes than he had and I feel sure that in any case he would have had no desire to do so.

It is extraordinary how often in championships players who, according to their own calculations, hole the course in about 72 strokes, get beaten by players who hole it in about 80. It is most refreshing to meet a man like Harry Bentley, who tells you he has come up against a better golfer on the particular day on which he has been beaten.

It is interesting to note that both finalists have received assistance in their golf from Henry Cotton; they are both certainly very good advertisements for his method of instruction. Bentley has always been a very good player on and near the greens, but until now he has been handicapped in big golf by his lack of length, especially off the tee. He went to Belgium for a few weeks early in the year to have lessons from Cotton, who has certainly enabled him to hit his wooden clubs considerably further than he used to. Without this extra length, Bentley would have had little chance of success on a links like Deal. Whether Cotton gave him any tips to improve his temperament, I do not know, but at Deal Bentley showed himself the possessor of a better temperament than in any previous championship. He fought back most bravely in his match against Stowe, who was 3 up after seven holes, caught him, wore him down and finally beat him on the last green.

Until this championship, I did not think Bentley had a good temperament for match play, and always considered him a much better player in medal play; at Deal he certainly proved he is now as good a player in a match as when he carries a card and pencil. On his way to the final, he won no fewer than four of the seven matches he was called upon to play on the eighteenth green.

Langley, in his second English championship, proved that not only is he a very good and sound golfer, but also that he has a most excellent temperament for championship play, and showed no signs, as many older players have done, of beating himself. He is tall and thin, and although he employs a short back swing, he has a beautiful free and full follow through.

I believe that greater control can be obtained with a short back swing if the follow through is full, and that no length is lost by employing this method. Langley's swing reminded me very much of Hector Thomson's. The difference appears to be that Thomson swings through a wider arc, and consequently is a considerably longer player. Langley was continually driving with a brassie.

It is all very well to talk about keeping the ball in play, but you have got to do much more than that to be successful in championships, which are played on courses where length off the tee is of greater importance than on inland courses. It is the usual custom now to praise to the skies any young players who do well.

If you read some of the daily papers, you might think that Miss Patty Berg was the best and longest player in the American Curtis Cup team, which she most certainly is not, although she is an extremely good player.

You have no doubt read and heard that Langley ought to have a place in our Walker Cup team. I do not agree with this view, as the match is played this year in the United States of America. The members of the team will see each other morning, noon and night for about four weeks, and I very much doubt if a boy who has just left school would fit in with the older members of the team. I also do not think that Langley is yet a good enough player. As the English championship has now been played twelve times, and only four winners have been honoured with places in the Walker Cup team, I do not think that the fact of getting into the final is sufficient qualification for a place in this team.

If the Walker Cup match was to be played in Britain this year instead of the United States, the gamble of playing Langley to give him experience might be justified, but I certainly do not think it is, under the existing circumstances.

I hope that the English team for the international matches against the other countries will not be selected entirely from those who played in the championship at Deal, as the following players, who most certainly have serious claims for inclusion, did not play in this championship: T. J. Thirsk, E. F. Storey, Dr. W. Tweddell, J. A. Stout, P. B. Lucas, E. W. Fiddian, P. White, J. E. Cradock-Hartopp, G. L. Q. Henriques, and C. D. Gray.

These players alone could form a team that would give a good account of itself.

Winner of the English Championship

H. G. Bentley, winner of the English Amateur Championship at Deal, received the Cup from H. R. Hobson, Captain of the Royal Cinque Ports Club. On the right is J. D. A. Langley, the Stowe schoolboy runner-up, whom Bentley beat by 5 and 4 after a fine first round

London Captains at Moor Park

The Society of London Golf Captains held a meeting at Moor Park. In the picture are B. B. Wills, H. G. Butler (hon. secretary), F. D. Donavan, H. N. Hughes (chairman), Vernon Hall, and R. B. Grey

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Women's Golf

The Curtis Cup

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WHAT do you want to know about the great match for the Curtis Cup? Why we did not win, after such high hopes, is probably your first question, but to my mind, the more pertinent is: "Why weren't we beaten?" And the answer to that is, because a certain number of our side have so perfected their putting that they do not go out with that miserable feeling of fear and inferiority which is their sole undoing. We did not win, because several of the team putted woefully badly, but we did not lose, because Mrs. Garon, Mrs. Holm, and Miss Jessie Anderson can all putt, and know they can putt, and go on putting. Hence they have the peace of mind which makes it possible to play the other part of the game well.

NOW Miss Anderson, for ever famous as the holer of that seven-yard putt for her match, and Britain's halved match, on the last green at the finish of the long, long day, was as bad a putter as anybody six months ago. She set herself to put it right, adopted Miss Wethered's putting grip, of which she had read details (one up for the poor old Press at last!), did so, had supreme faith in her putting, and so was able to hole that great putt. Verb. sap. Let somebody found a school of putting, and we shall win that Curtis Cup yet.

Before going any further, let us agree to avoid condemnation of individuals. After all, very few of us have ever selected, captained, or, above all, played in an International team; any of the three processes is nerve-racking beyond all words; even watching is bad enough.

The weather was atrocious. It might have blown harder, or rained more heavily, but for sheer miserable combination of both into a drifting wet mist that blotted out not only the hills, but even the flag at iron range some of the time, and the cold which made winter clothes a necessity, the day will long remain notorious. It did the visitors all the more credit that they coped so splendidly with it, especially as the practice days had given no hint of it. On the Sunday they were all basking about under sun umbrellas, discussing the remarkable, but not unpleasing habits of Scotland as revealed in a dinner the evening before, when the haggis was piped in and eaten with the usual accompaniment of nips. (The head piper confided afterwards to a fellow Scot that it was the sight of eight-and-twenty fair dames and not a squire among them which had caused his forgetfulness to complete the ritual by the traditional dashing of the glass to bits!)

I SUPPOSE everybody was nervous, but to some nerves are a stimulant, to others a hindrance. Mrs. Vare comes into the first category: she needs a metaphorical pin to make her produce her best, and the pin transforms her into one of the most attractive players that ever kept a gallery on tiptoe. She and Miss Patty Berg were brimful of concentration; so was Mrs. Garon; but poor Miss Morgan seemed so afraid of doing badly, and so terribly penitent when she had, that there was no room for the more essential quality, and the bunkers were visited, and the putts would not get up to the hole, and it was only untold heroism on the part of Mrs. Garon which made that top foursome a halved match. She played superbly. In the second, America's unbeaten pair, Mrs. Crews (Miss Orcutt) and Mrs. Cheney, were too steady for Mrs. Walker and Miss Barton, because Mrs. Walker for once could not putt, and Miss Barton, finding her usual prop and stay wilting, was too young a golfer, speaking mentally, to change places with her and provide the prop herself. Mrs. Holm, who is playing grandly this year, and Miss Anderson, after losing the first two holes, never looked like being beaten by Miss Glutting and Mrs. Hill. So we lunched (in a scurry, for the U.S.A. team take a mighty long time to play a round) all square, and then out again into the cold mist.

The Halved Curtis Cup Match

Mr. Norman Boase, captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, handed the Curtis Cup to the two captains together—Miss Doris Chambers (England; left) and Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare (U.S.A.). America, the holders, retain the Cup

Holders and Retainers

By halving the match against England at the King's Course, Gleneagles, the U.S. women's team retained the Curtis Cup; in the foursomes a match was won by each side and the third halved; in the singles each side won three matches. The team is: (standing) Miss Marion Miley, Miss Patty Berg, Miss L. O. Cheney, Mrs. John Crews, Mrs. Frank Goldwaithe; (sitting) Mrs. O. S. Hill, Mrs. G. C. Vare (captain) and Miss Charlotte Glutting

BRITISH depression set in about the 7th hole, when Miss Morgan, otherwise playing every bit as well as Mrs. Vare, began missing short putts again; was lightened when news came that Mrs. Holm had made little Miss Berg press, had only made one bad shot, and had won 4 and 3; and almost dispersed when Mrs. Garon brought in another win, 7 and 5, from the redoubtable Mrs. Hill. Things, though, were not so good in the other three, all of them down when last heard of. It revived when Miss Pam Barton pulled back a couple of holes by fine putting from Miss Glutting, and though a bush at the last hole cost her a six and a half (therefore a lost match 1 down) spelling another depression, there was glee when Mrs. Walker, reported beaten 4 and 3, was seen very much alive coming down the 18th. Then, three putts from quite a short distance—and she such a good putter usually!—and yet another loss. The only hope was now Miss Anderson, who had got back the deficit and was square. That putt of hers for a four and her match is history. All honour to her, and to Scotland, where she learnt her golf and acquired the right temperament. Aren't you proud to think she first made her name by winning our BYSTANDER Girls' Championship?

THERE simply is not space to comment on all the county championships of the past week, though a word of congratulation to Mrs. Rhodes, holder of the BYSTANDER Yearly Challenge Cup, on adding Yorkshire to her Northern title, must be squeezed in; and to Miss Winifred Berry on holding on to the Lancashire. We must watch both at Southport and Ainsdale, if there is an eye to be spared for half a minute from seeing who is slaying Americans, and how. I have a notion Miss Fishwick will have some scalps to her credit there, by way of consolation for the hand—now quite recovered—having kept her from having chance of one at Gleneagles. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

WHEN people say the best is cheapest in the end, they imply that it is dearest in the beginning. This explains the quaint belief that Marshall & Snelgrove are "expensive"—a subtle compliment this, for nowhere else can you get goods of such fine quality at such reasonable prices.

GREET the summer sunshine in this new Two-piece. The dress is in printed rough crêpe in a small design, worn with a full-length coat of plain coloured carioca. Hip sizes 38 and 40. In navy, lido, brown and black.

6½

GUINEAS

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GROUND FLOOR

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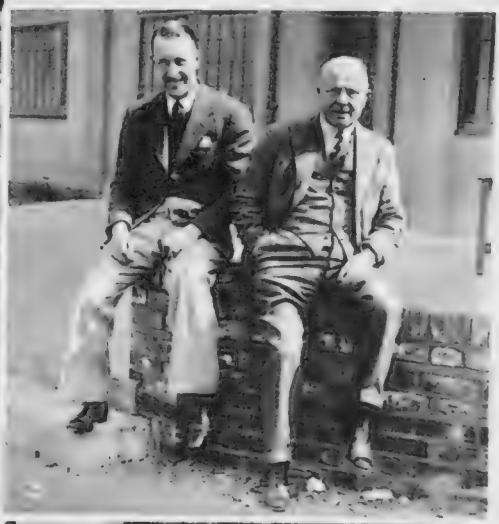
(Debenhams Ltd)
OXFORD STREET
W·1·

Golf Clubs at Home

South Herts., Totteridge

A View of the Club-house

(1) Peter P. Lloyd (secretary) and S. G. Wilson (committee member). (2) H. T. Cover (ex-captain and committee member) and A. E. Johnston (committee member). (3) W. S. Hutcheon and Robert Taylor (ex-captain). (4) H. S. Pengelley and A. W. Baker. (5) B. de V. Hardcastle and Dr. J. J. Hogan. (6) John Scott and Dr. J. Duddy. (7) L. McN. Ide and R. G. Turner. (8) J. Bennet and Alex Smith. (9) Harry Vardon (professional)



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for men in a hurry

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The next time you want new clothes quickly try the New Tailoring.

It does not matter whether you stand over six foot, or like to remember that Napoleon was a small man, you can choose a new suit at Austin Reed's in less than half an hour. You will be astonished at the choice there is—of clothes tailored at leisure for men in a hurry.

151 FITTINGS AND VARIATIONS IN THE NEW TAILORING

AUSTIN REED OF REGENT STREET

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Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol, Belfast, Norwich, Oxford

Don't Endorse Those Licences !

By The Earl of Cardigan

I WONDER if motorists have been observing how frequently the following paragraph—or something like it—has been appearing in the news of late ?

Mr. X——— was convicted of exceeding the speed limit on the outskirts of Y——— town. His speed was given as 34 m.p.h. He was fined £2 and his licence was endorsed.

To me this sort of thing seems most disquieting. I regard it as the most unhealthy aspect of motoring legislation at the present time. Again and again we find the same sequence of events—the crime of only moderate gravity—the trivial fine—the added penalty of an endorsement on the driver's licence.

It is the endorsement of the licence which seems so lamentable. In the old days an endorsement was something of which to be ashamed. To keep a clean licence was a matter of pride. The average, decent motorist was most reluctant to do anything which would earn him the reproach of an endorsement.

Now I am not sure that an endorsed licence is any more a matter for which the driver need feel any shame. Admittedly, to exceed the 30 m.p.h. speed limit is a crime. We all know quite well that it is wrong. At the same time, it is hardly the sort of crime which, in itself, involves any great degree of moral turpitude on the part of the criminal.

It is a crime, for the most part, of thoughtlessness—of inattention. The driver does not mean to do anything wrong ; nor has he any idea of behaving dangerously. The actual danger involved is theoretical rather than real. He has merely failed to keep an eye on his speedometer, and has thus allowed it to creep up a few points beyond what is permitted.

I repeat, it is wrong ; but it is not shameful. The police do not consider it very seriously. Observe that there is no mention in the charge of the car being driven dangerously, nor any suggestion that the driver was handling it other than competently. The police allege only the technical offence.

The magistrates do not regard it gravely. The fine they impose is a small one, having regard to the probable income of a man who has spent perhaps £300 to become a car owner. It is a fine such as is imposed for any technical breach of the law by a well-to-do person.

At the same time, the licence is endorsed. Let us see what effect this is likely to have on the outlook of the individual motorist.

He will at first be cast down. He will be, perhaps, greatly distressed to have lost the "clean sheet" which he has carried for the last ten years. Soon,

(Concluded on page iv)

Horses and Horse-Power : the New Wolseley 12/48

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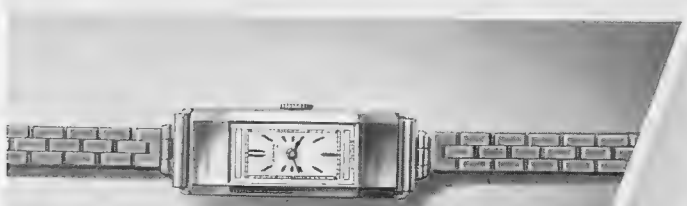

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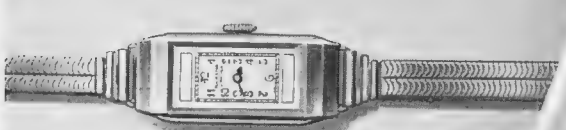

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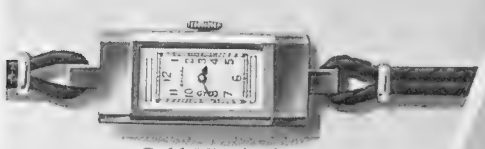

9-ct. Gold Watch £8 10s
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18-ct. Gold Watch £28

Stainless Steel Watch £12

18-ct. Gold Watch (alternate white gold links at sides) £43

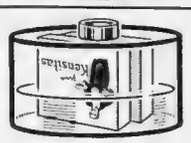
9-ct. Gold Watch £14

9-ct. Gold Watch £12 12s

Illustrated Catalogue sent on request

TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE MOISTURE RUINS A CIGARETTE. SO KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS* ARE MOISTURE CONTROLLED RIGHT UP TO THE TIME OF YOUR PURCHASE

Miss Desmond made this MOISTURE CONTROL Test:

1	HERE IT IS – YOU TRY HER DRASTIC TEST! – Miss Desmond put an inch of water in a flat-bottomed dish.	
2	She placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. She did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.	
3	After five minutes, she lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).	

RESULT: On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were still in perfect smoking condition.

Your Throat Protection Against Irritation...Against Cough

Don't Endorse Those Licences!

(*Continued from page* ii)

however, he will find among his friends a great and growing number of comforters.

"Don't take it to heart," they will say to him. "Nowadays an endorsement does not mean very much. Lots of perfectly good drivers are being given endorsements. Look at old George.. As safe a driver as you could find anywhere, and his licence was endorsed the other day. It's annoying, of course, but at least you're in good company. So why worry?"

This sort of conversation, before long, will be taking place in all parts of the country. A new state of mind will grow up in which the penalty of an endorsed licence will seem to have little or no significance. Is this to be desired? To me it seems utterly deplorable.

MAGISTRATES, I believe, are entitled to use their discretion as to whether or not to endorse the licence of an offender. (One sometimes sees that a motorist has been spared the endorsement on account of his previous good record.) Could not this discretion be more widely exercised, so that there would be no endorsement unless the police were able to prove that some degree of actual public danger was involved in the excess of speed?

This, to my mind, is the real criterion. To drive dangerously is a disgraceful thing, and it is only right that some stigma should be attached to the person who does so. It is an appropriate penalty to endorse his licence, or, in a bad case, to suspend it for a period. If he is a frequent bad offender—*e.g.*, an habitual drunkard or a person constitutionally erratic—it would best serve the public interest if his licence were to be revoked for life.

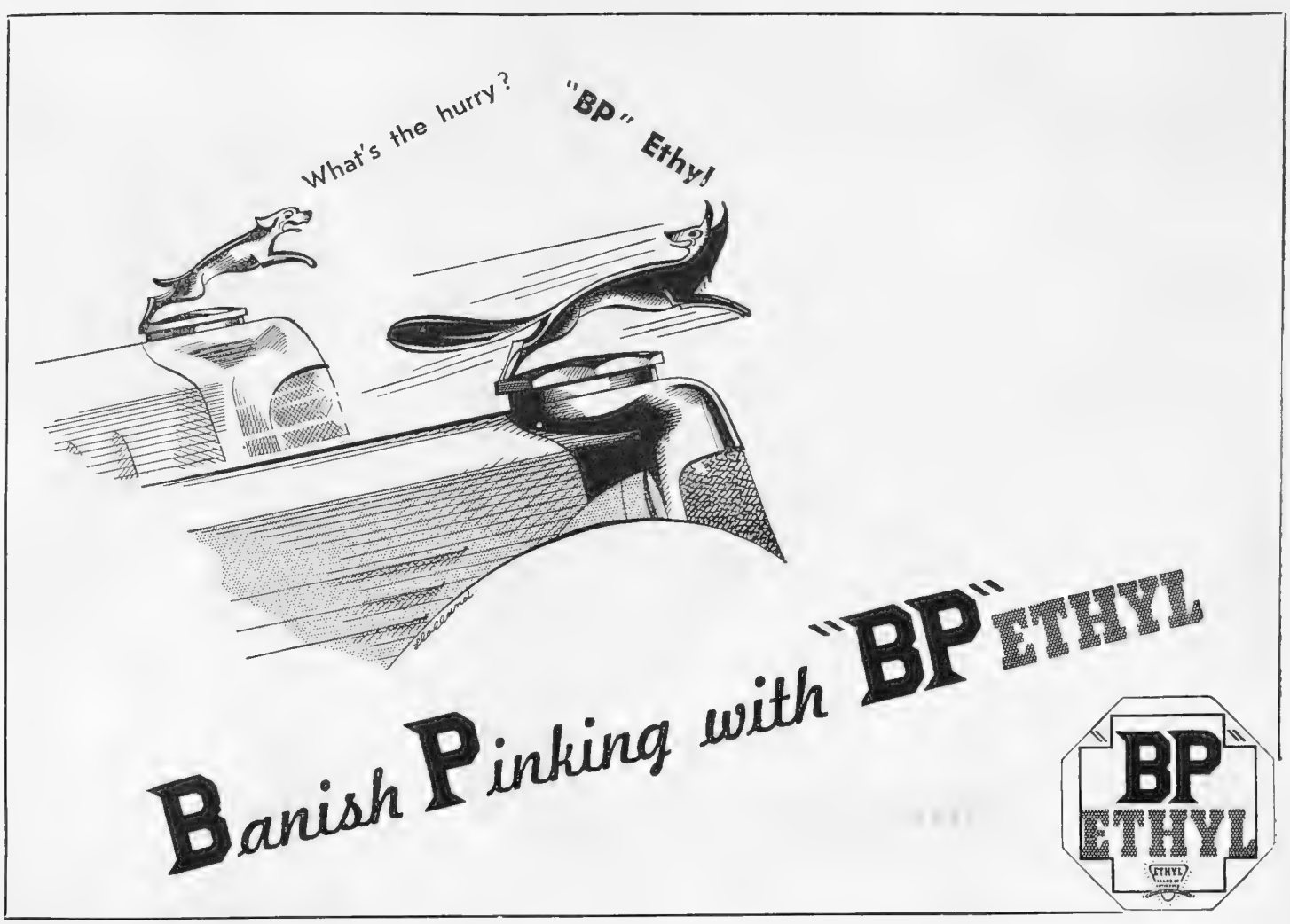
Mr. W. Ledyard Mitchell

W. Ledyard Mitchell is vice-president of the Chrysler Corporation, and chairman of the Chrysler Export Corporation. He arrived from America on the Bremen lately, full of optimism about the present and future condition of the motor industry, and he intends to call important conferences in connection with marketing the Corporation's products

The majority of motorists, I imagine, would strongly approve of the most drastic treatment for those few drivers who are truly dangerous. No one could complain of endorsements being given in any case into which an element of real danger has entered. Surely, however, the magisterial mind should be able to distinguish between what is dangerous and what is merely a technical infraction of the law?

I HAVE quoted the common case of unduly severe punishment for an offence against the 30 m.p.h. limit; but one might equally well quote the contrasting case of undue leniency for a display of obvious bad driving. Does one not often read of a collision taking place, plainly as a result of sheer folly on the part of one of the motorists concerned? Is it not quite common for the offender, on a charge of carelessness, to escape with a fine of £5 or even less?

In such a case, the driver's licence very possibly is *not* endorsed. The unreasonableness of this is almost painfully obvious; and yet it is difficult to see just what can be done about it. It seems that motorists, as always, can but pray for some belated vision to be granted to those who administer the current motoring law.



Race Going Clothes...

LOOK WHAT

YOU GET

AT SIMPSONS

The accompanying scene, sketched by our artist in the paddock last week, is notable for two things. First, the inscrutable expression on the favourite's countenance. Secondly, the unerring touch which Simpsons bring to all outdoor clothes. The optimist in the bowler hat is displaying this fact to such advantage that we are left with little to say—except that his suit is in a grey glenurquhart saxony with a blue overcheck, and that it cost him a matter of 8 guineas. His companion has kindly turned his back to show us that his jacket has long side vents. It is thus highly suitable as a hacking coat. The herringbone cloth is one of many Scotch cheviots and saxonies in which Simpsons take an especial pride. Such a suit would cost you from 6 to 10 guineas, depending on the material. The hats, shirts, ties, gloves, shoes, shooting-stick and so forth are equally deserving of your personal inspection—at Simpson, Piccadilly.

Simpson
PICCADILLY

Simpson 202 Piccadilly, Regent 2002 (There is an agent for Simpson tailoring in your district)

Roger Kimpton

Made a century for Oxford against Gloucestershire in the University's first match this season. Kimpton, who is at B.N.C., kept wicket last season, bats brilliantly and is a useful bowler

Summer Sport *(Continued from page 502.)*

easily name the successor to our Austins and Perrys, and this is disturbing. I am not one of those who worry a great deal about international sport. It does not distress me unduly when British players fail to produce the mechanical consistency of their foreign rivals. There is, however, a growing enthusiasm for lawn tennis throughout the country, and when potential champions do not emerge from the ruck we may be forgiven for wondering whether this enthusiasm is being led into the right channels.

We may, at least, congratulate ourselves upon the emergence of a remarkable player of another game—J. D. A. Langley, the eighteen-year-old golfer who showed such outstanding form in the English Championship. What pleases me about Langley is that he is an all-rounder—a footballer and a cricketer, as well as a golfer, for that argues balance and a sense of proportion.

And, talking of proportion, I think we need to be careful in our judgment of the Indian cricketers. Their defeat at Worcester has caused a number of people to suggest that they are below the standard of the previous All-India team which visited us in 1932. Now, I submit that such opinions are premature, to say the least of it. No visiting team finds acclimatisation so difficult as the Indians. Even in unusually warm May sunshine at Oxford, some of them were wearing sweaters under their shirts, and over their shirts as well, for that matter. Nothing is more distressing for the cricketer than cold, and we must also consider the light, which is far less brilliant here, even in kindly weather.

Next Saturday the Indians play the M.C.C. at Lord's. Go and watch them, if cricket is one of your pastimes. They are worth watching. Their bowling has variety and skill, and their batting is often delightful. They will make plenty of runs, and we shall find that their work in the field will tighten up. At present they are not a team, but they are in process of becoming one, and I fancy they may surprise us yet. I hear, moreover, that the Nawab of Pataudi returns in June, and if he is fit and playing regularly, he would make a very great difference to the Indian side. The Nawab is one of the most difficult of modern batsmen to dislodge, and he would give just that stiffening to the Indian batting which at the moment appears to be lacking

One more note; and an enthusiastic one this time, for I am referring to the amateur boxing match between Great Britain and the American Golden Gloves team last week.

Tremendous scrapping we saw, with the upright English style pitted against the tearaway American fighters, and the result was open until the heavy-weights came on the scene. I do not propose to recapitulate the contests now, though the two London firemen, Stuart and Shawyer, fought with splendid courage and skill and the giant policeman, Hunter, made us feel truly sorry for any unsuspecting criminals who chanced upon his beat.

No—the point is this: Wembley was crowded, and throughout the evening the enthusiasm was tremendous. Boxing came into its own that night, and the professional promoters who were present—there were several of them at the ringside—must have been amazed and envious. It is high time, I suggest, that the University boxing match was staged in London. It would, I believe, draw a big crowd and stimulate flagging interest in one of the grandest of our sports.

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The resort

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IS A GLORIOUS PLACE IN SPRING

Thorpeness, on the Suffolk coast, the only privately owned seaside village, rigorously closed to crowds, charabancs, excursions: everything that might mar its pleasant atmosphere.

Spring is a grand time of year there. Dry, bracing weather, the golf course—one of the best in England—laid out by James Braid, in perfect condition; riding on the Suffolk moorlands; in the evenings, dancing, bridge.

Write for booklet *'Concerning Thorpeness' to H.2 Estate Office, Thorpeness, Suffolk. It describes fully and with illustrations the pleasant furnished houses and bungalows, the 'Dolphin' (a charming inn), the two delightful guest houses, and the pleasures of this carefully guarded place.*

By Appointment. Established 1750.

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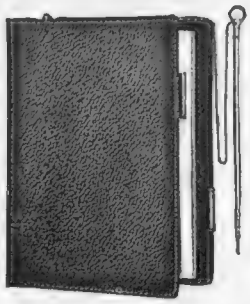

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Ditto, with two silver-gilt corners £2 10 0

Ditto, with two gold corners .. £3 7 6

No. 61040 B.—Ditto, in morocco, lined silk, with betting book 15s.

No. 6536.—**Sporting Seat-Stick,** wood stem, aluminium fittings, leather hammock seat, lock-on detachable ground plate, £2 5 0

Postage and Packing Abroad 3s. 6d. extra. Send for illustrated Lists.

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Porcelain Vase, brilliantly enamelled in famille-rose colours with a spray of peaches.
KIEN LUNG, 1736-1795.
Height of Vase: 22 inches.
By kind permission of Messrs. Spink & Son.

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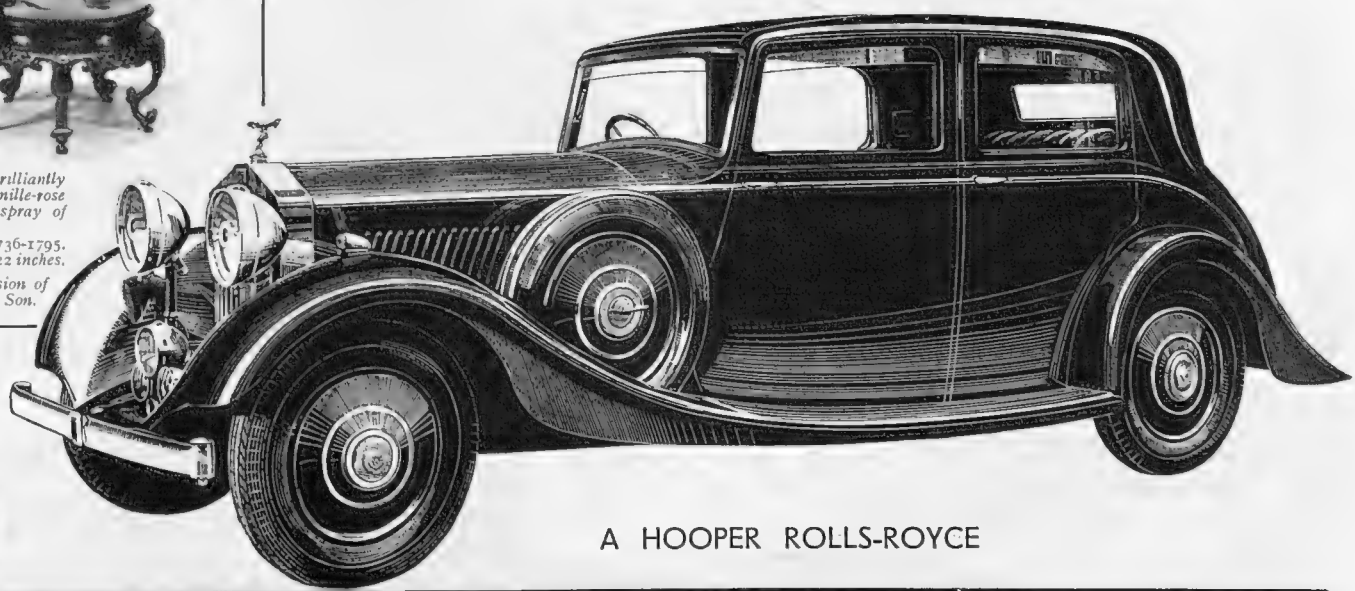

A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

Kennington Service

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition: April Monthly Medal Results

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for the last place.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER Spoons under handicap during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Deterding	Northamptonshire	86	16	70	78	8 below
Mrs. Fortescue	North Hants	85	16	69	74	5 "
Miss Nuttall	Ringway	80	11	69	73	4 "
Miss Cook	Huyton	81	12	69	73	4 "
Mrs. A. Smith	Huddersfield	88	15	73	77	4 "
Mrs. Vlandy	North Berwick	89	17	72	76	4 "
Mrs. MacLeod	Stoneham	76	4	72	75	3 "
Miss J. Southam	Walmer and Kingsdown	75	4	71	74	3 "
Mrs. Fitzgerald	Sale	80	10	70	73	3 "
Miss K. Tilson	Warrington	82	10	72	74	2 "
Miss M. E. Part	Huyton	85	14	71	73	2 "
Miss D. Evans	Worsley	85	13	72	74	2 "
Miss Nelson	North Hants	90	18	72	74	2 "
Miss N. Baird	St. Nicholas	69	scr.	69	70	1 "
Mrs. Hickman	Ferndown	78	4	74	75	1 "
Mrs. E. Swinscoe	Dore and Totley	76	1	75	75	All square
Mrs. W. Swannell	Northampton	83	8	75	75	" "
Miss D. Wooding	Kingsthorpe	82	8	74	74	" "
Mrs. A. Frost	Bloxwich	82	9	73	73	" "
Mrs. P. Sherwood	Wilpshire	85	10	75	75	" "
Miss J. Lister	Wetherby	86	11	75	75	" "
Mrs. C. Allsop	Gosforth Park	88	12	76	76	" "
Mrs. A. Higham	Wilpshire	91	16	75	75	" "
Mrs. Gordon	Goodwood	89	17	72	72	" "
Mrs. Paxman	Sale	91	18	73	73	" "
Mrs. I. Bowhill	Gullane	84	6	78	77	1 above
Miss R. Parker	Warrington	86	11	75	74	1 "
Mrs. Glassford	Birkdale	89	12	77	76	1 "
Mrs. Rhodes	Alwoodley	77	1	76	74	2 "
Miss V. Petrie	Wentworth	93	17	76	74	2 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Benejam	Royal Calcutta	97	36	61	70	9 below
Mrs. Nicholls	Royal Calcutta	98	36	62	70	8 "
Mrs. Rothery	Huddersfield	103	33	70	77	7 "
Miss MacGillycuddy	North Hants	89	21	68	74	6 "
Miss Oldham	Formby	89	22	67	73	6 "
Mrs. Roff	Wilmslow	95	29	66	72	6 "
Mrs. Stubbs	Whittington Barracks	90	20	70	75	5 "

Sylvia Cecil and Derek Oldham

Sylvia Cecil and Derek Oldham, soprano and tenor, are rejoining the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company for their tour in America. Both have been seen in leading rôles with the Company, and lately Derek Oldham has done some film work. There will be a short D'Oyly Carte season at Sadler's Wells before the Company leaves the country

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Hon. Cynthia Foley	Camberley Heath	97	27	70	75	5 below
Mrs. Stockdale	Bramall Park	99	31	68	73	5 "
Mrs. White	Sale	104	36	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Dearden	Alderley Edge	89	19	70	74	4 "
Miss R. Trantom	Lymm	86	20	66	70	4 "
Miss Bethell	North Hants	97	27	70	74	4 "
Miss Marsden	Fleetwood	102	30	72	76	4 "
Mrs. Walker	Jodhpur	98	31	67	71	4 "
Miss Fraser	Chislehurst	95	27	68	71	3 "
Mrs. Nichols	Northampton	104	32	72	75	3 "
Mrs. Bradshaw	Royal Calcutta	102	35	67	70	3 "
Miss J. Smith	Worsley	107	36	71	74	3 "
Mrs. Whitrow	Hockley	89	19	70	72	2 "
Miss V. Butt	Hockley	92	22	70	72	2 "
Mrs. Judd	Hockley	95	25	70	72	2 "
Mrs. Adams	Datchet	108	36	72	74	2 "
Miss Ellis	Shirley Park	93	19	74	75	1 "
Mrs. Roe	Northampton	98	24	74	75	1 "
Mrs. Thompson	North Hants	102	29	73	74	1 "
Mrs. Wainwright	Hockley	100	29	71	72	1 "
Mrs. Hardy	Sale	104	31	73	73	All square
Mrs. Hopfield	Freshfield	105	32	73	72	1 above
Mrs. Sellars	Bloxwich	105	29	76	73	3 "

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109-PIECE CANTEEN

with SOLID SILVER Spoons and Forks

£32

This handsome walnut canteen is fitted with solid silver Spoons and Forks in Harrods 'New Thread' design while the cutlery, of finest Sheffield Stainless Steel, has *real Ivory handles* in the same design.

Contents for 12 persons:

12 Table Forks
12 Dessert Forks
12 Dessert Spoons
12 Soup Spoons
6 Table Spoons
2 Sauce Ladles
12 Table Knives
12 Cheese Knives
1 pair Meat Carvers
1 pair Game Carvers
1 Steel
12 Tea Spoons
12 Egg Spoons

(Convenient terms of payment if desired.)

Complete Canteen for 6 persons, 50 pieces, £16; 8 persons, 65 pieces, £21

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It is used as a mouth wash with pleasure and profit, and women, in particular, find it invaluable for general personal hygiene; there is no safer, more reliable prophylactic for cuts, bruises and all minor and major injuries; it has a soothing effect on inflamed and swollen conditions.

Listerine Antiseptic is the ideal antiseptic and germicide for personal requirements. Keep a bottle in your bathroom for daily use — and against emergencies.

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ANTISEPTIC

Of all chemists 1/6, 3/- and 5/6 a bottle. Made in England

IN DEVON-NOW

TO be at the Palace when Springtime mellows into Summer is an unforgettable experience. Somehow the golf, tennis, croquet, bowls, squash, badminton, gymnasium, swimming pool, sun lounges, ballroom, cinema, cabarets and all the things we include in the terms don't seem to matter. Why should we try to compete with Nature in her most lavish mood? One feels almost that it is a privilege to have a hotel here at all!

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CHARMING unlined black Coat in wool backed romaine. The wide sleeves embroidered with satin appliqué are particularly suitable for wear over the full-sleeved dresses. **14 Gns.**

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The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (13th Year)

at Turnberry G.C. (Arran Course).

JUNE 9 to 12, 1936

Holders: MISS CRADOCK-HARTOPP and MISS NEWELL.

Entries close Friday, May 22nd. Enter NOW

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

TURNBERRY NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4 by Friday, May 22nd, 1936

The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry, June 9th, 1936, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club. L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Turnberry with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club. L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No* .....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after June 4th to her at Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire. Telephone: 2 Turnberry

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30. L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach MISS E. E. HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, May 22nd.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL

The BYSTANDER Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire*, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day inclusive.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Turnberry during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

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THE BYSTANDER

when replying to their announcements.

What's On (*Continued from page D*

DANCING AND DINING (*Continued*)

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—The copper floor is new and effective; Van Straten plays, and there's always a good cabaret turn: extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—No cabaret; the band is Reginald Bristow's; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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It's a silk stocking with a really effective garter-run guard just below the garter hem. If a run passes that guard, we give you a new pair of stockings without question. Suntone, sunglow, havana, coppertone 6/11 a pair

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Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Diana Margaret Keyes

Is the daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger and Lady Keyes, of Tingewick House, Buckingham; she is engaged to James Johnson, eldest son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. B. Johnson, of Matahan, Sydney

Kay Vaughan

Betty Bidder

Phyllis Betty Bidder, elder daughter of the late Maurice McLean Bidder and Mrs. Bidder, of 20, Lanark Mansions, W.9, is engaged to John de Rosier Kent, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kent, of Fairhurst, East Molesey, Surrey

Lenare

Patricia Macfarlane

Is engaged to Flt.-Lt. Anthony Selway, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Selway, of Newburn, Hatch End, Middlesex; she is the only daughter of Col. and Mrs. P. C. Macfarlane, of Ballagan, Strathbane, Stirlingshire

Kay Vaughan

Barbara Daniell

Barbara Sybil Daniell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Daniell, of 53, Pont Street, S.W., is engaged to James Douglas Stewart, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Stewart, of Achara, Duror, Argyll

Kay Vaughan

Carol Coombe

Is the youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Coombe, of Perth, Western Australia, and Lady Coombe, of 1, Cheyne Court, S.W.; she is engaged to Ronald Armstrong-Jones, only son of Sir Robert and Lady Armstrong-Jones, of Plas Dinas, Carnarvon, N. Wales

Peter North

Joan Legh-Jones

Is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Legh-Jones, of 41, Chester Terrace, N.W.1; she is engaged to Alec (Peter) Adams, younger son of the late Leonard Adams and Mrs. Adams, of 48, Portland Place, W.1

Watson—Grotrian

Martin Yorke Watson, third son of the Archdeacon of Richmond and Mrs. Watson, of The Residence, Ripon, and Ursula Grotrian, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Grotrian, of North Stainley Hall, Ripon, were married at Ripon Cathedral

Halse—Benson

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Frederick Charles Halse, son of Col. F. T. Halse, D.L., J.P., of Elmstead Grange, Chislehurst, Kent, married Irene Benson, daughter of the late F. J. Benson and Mrs. Benson, of 20, Grosvenor Square, W.1

Coghlan—Snelling

Patrick Coghlan, elder son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Lake Coghlan, of Orchard Syde, Weybridge, Surrey, and Rosemary Snelling, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Snelling, of 59, Cadogan Place, S.W.1, were married at Brompton Oratory

Middleton—Walkey

George Middleton, elder son of Capt. and Mrs. G. Middleton, of 93, Avondale Road, Croydon, married Margaret Walkey at St. Paul's, Onslow Square; she is the elder daughter of the Rev. J. R. Walkey, Chaplain to the R.A.F., and Mrs. Walkey, of 32, Madeira Avenue, Bromley, Kent

Butler — Teacher

Capt. William Butler, younger son of the late Major Butler and Mrs. Butler, of Ramsden House, Charlbury, Oxon., and Nancy Teacher, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Teacher, of Spittal-on-Rule, Hawick, were married at St. Cuthbert's, Hawick

Collins — Drake

Christopher Collins, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Collins, of 31, Lennox Gardens, S.W., and Jenny Rosedew Drake, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. J. Hughes Drake, of the Manor House, Abbot's Langley, Herts., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Thomas — Marsden

Edward Thomas, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Moy Thomas, of Villa Alexandra, Avenue des Fleurs, Monte Carlo, married Wilmer Marsden at St. George's, Hart Street; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Marsden, of No. 1 Residence, the British Museum

Eykyn — Graham

Lt.-Comdr. W. Eykyn, R.N., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Eykyn, and Mrs. Joyce Graham, daughter of the Rev. F. R. and Mrs. Evans, of Bepton, Midhurst, Sussex, were married at Bepton Church. The bride's father officiated

Hickman — Parry-Jones

Thomas A. K. Hickman, eldest son of the late Brig.-Gen. T. E. Hickman, and Mrs. Hickman, of Morcton Morrell, Warwickshire, and Leila Parry-Jones, eldest daughter of Lt.-Colonel Parry-Jones, M.C., and Mrs. Parry-Jones, were married at St. Mary's, Tenby

Shaw — Kingsley

Alexander Armstrong Shaw, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Philip Shaw, of Ayr and Eastbourne, and Geraldine Bell Kingsley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Kingsley, of Glen Chess, Rickmansworth, Herts., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Hoare — Selwyn

At Winchester Cathedral Quintin Vincent Hoare, eldest son of the late Vincent Hoare and Mrs. Hoare, of Manor End, Berkamsted, Herts., married Lucy Selwyn, only daughter of the Dean of Winchester and Mrs. Selwyn, of The Deanery, Winchester

Harrison — Pringle

Ralph Harrison, only son of the late Major and Mrs. Harrison, and Patricia Pringle, daughter of Lt.-Col. J. C. Pringle, R.E., and Mrs. Pringle, of The Grange, Buckland St. Mary, Somerset, were married at St. George's, Taunton

Stewart — Sladen

Oonah Sladen, only daughter of the late Brig.-General D. R. Sladen, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Sladen, of Rhydoldog, Rhayader, Radnor., was married at Chelsea Old Church to Keith Stewart, youngest son of Admiral and the late Mrs. Johnston Stewart, of Physgill, Wigtownshire

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 13 — May 19

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BEES ON THE BOATDECK.—Priestley's "farcical tragedy" is very much allegory, but the piece is no less brilliant and the fun no less hilarious for that; Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson and Kay Hammond are the stars: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BITTER HARVEST.—Byron's relations with his wife are the basis of this piece; Eric Portman as the poet, Norah Robinson as Lady Byron, Mary Glynne as Augusta Leigh: St. Martin's, 8.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—The comedy (or tragedy) of opposed temperaments in marriage is the basis of this amusing piece that runs like the poet's brook; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the pair: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett finds heredity too strong in her relations—Dartmoor will out. David Horne and William Fox help this queer family drama on its way: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE.—"Max's" Regency fantasy, adapted by Clemence Dane and delightfully decorated by Motley, makes the most charming piece in London; Ivor Novello, Vivien Leigh, and Isabel Jeans are in it: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming piece from the Chinese by S. I. Hsiung, played à la chinois. Esmé Percy, Thea Holme, and Viola Tree: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PEER GYNT.—Ibsen's heterogeneous play, with Grieg's incidental music, finishes on Saturday: Sadler's Wells, 8.30 (Sat., 5.30).

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PROMISE.—Bernstein's family drama is as brilliantly acted as it is theatrically effective; Madge Titheradge, Barry Jones, and Edna Best head the fine cast: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ST. HELENA.—A fine study by Sherriff and Miss de Casalis of Napoleon's last days; Keneth Kent is the Emperor, and the smaller characters all live: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHADOW.—Competent piece of story-telling without any finer points; murder and compromise make the plot; Cecil Parker and Eileen Peel play it: Playhouse, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's series of sketches (by no means sketchy) has new additions, and make the best light entertainment going, with the author and Gertrude Lawrence in the leads: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Mazo de la Roche's novel, adapted by her, has amusing and touching moments; Nancy Price is Grandma Whiteoaks, Stephen Haggard is Finch: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL ALIGHT AT OXFORD CIRCUS.—A hip-hooray kind of vaudeville with Harry Roy's band and lots of comic constellations: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland Muchachos and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 6.30 and 9.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 75.—Comedian Barry Lupino and Eddie Hooper are newcomers to the cast, which includes all the Windmill favourites; a Milne and West duologue, a burlesque of the Queen Mary's sailing, and a Chinese tableau are amongst the attractions: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

RISE AND SHINE.—The music is by Robert Stolz, the sets in "Moronia" and England, the stars Binnie Hale and Jack Whiting, and the atmosphere impossible whoopee: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Fred Emney, Hildegarde, and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TOWN TALKS.—Not so much to look at but better to listen to than Cochran's, this revue has June and Arthur Riscoe as stars; Vivian Ellis did the music: Palace, 6.30 and 9.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

CHILDREN, TO BLESS YOU!—Jean Cadell is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy; Mary Newcomb is an unpleasant aunt: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that blows up various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: Queen's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 3.20.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—Hugh Miller and Elena Miramova in a piece of peculiar horror about murder for art's sake: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

AREN'T MEN BEASTS?—Robertson Hare returns to the stage at long last in Vernon Sylvaine's play, with Alfred Drayton and John Mills: Strand, to-night, 13th.

RENÉ BLUM'S RUSSIAN BALLETS.—Fokine directs and dances in his own and other creations, some new: Alhambra, Friday, 15th.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—Presented by the Fleet Street Players, in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund: New Scala, Mon., 18th, 8.15.

CINEMAS

ANNE-MARIE.—Annabella learns to fly in this light and elegant French farce, and she teaches her instructor Pierre Richard-Willm, a few things: Curzon.

KLONDIKE ANNIE.—Mae West is the star of this, and what's more, she wrote it! Laid in 'Frisco in the 'nineties, it's as naughty (and yet touching) as you could wish, with Victor McLaglen as a breezy captain: Plaza.

LIEBESMELODIE.—Another gay gala from Vienna, with old Hungarian songs and paternal fiddlers; Marta Eggerth entrances her escort, Rolf Wanka, by her singing, which really is good (Franz Lehar's music): Academy.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.—Freddie Bartholomew is the little Lord, Dolores Costello his mother, and C. Aubrey Smith the old Earl in this new version of an old favourite: London Pavilion.

MODERN TIMES.—Chaplin's newest got past the critics, and it is very good, but too up-stage for Charlie's essence; all the same, he and Paulette Goddard should be seen as waifs of a machine age: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SECRET AGENT.—Somerset Maugham's *Ashenden* is the story of this film, an exciting and well-acted spy story, with John Gielgud, Robert Young, Peter Lorre and Madeleine Carroll: Tivoli.

SYLVIA SCARLETT.—Compton Mackenzie's novel makes a film with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn and Brian Aherne. An inter-play of character and characteristics: Regal.

THESE THREE.—Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon are young schoolmistresses; Joel McCrea makes the love tangle, and young Bonita Granville acts splendidly as a wretch of a child: Leicester Square.

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE.—Sylvia Sidney and Fred MacMurray are the stars of this rather fine technicolour film, made out of doors: Carlton.

TUDOR ROSE.—Nova Pilbeam is nothing like Lady Jane Grey, the heroine of this meaty historical piece, but she makes a pathetic and endearing figure amongst Renaissance toughs (Cedric Hardwicke and John Mills); also Sybil Thorndike, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and John Laurie: New Gallery.

WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY.—This film's title is its key. Clark Gable is the man, Myrna Loy the wife, Jean Harlow the secretary: Empire.

EXHIBITION

CHINESE ART.—The Eumorfopoulos Collection: Victoria and Albert Museum, 10—6 (free on Sundays).

OPERA

COVENT GARDEN:
RIGOLETTO.—To-night, 13th, 8.30.
GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG.—Thurs., 14th, 5.
AÏDA.—Fri., 15th, 8.
TRISTAN UND ISOLDE.—Mon., 18th, 6.30.
LA TOSCA.—Tues., 19th, 8.30.

OLD VIC:
LOHENGRIN.—To-night, 13th, 7.45.
THE SNOW MAIDEN.—Thurs., 14th, 7.45.
CARMEN.—Sat., 16th, 2.30.

BALLET

OLD VIC:
THE GODS GO A-BEGGING, THE BLUE BIRD pas de deux, APPARITIONS.—Fri., 15th, 8.30.
BLUM'S BALLETS.—(See under First Nights).

CONCERTS

MORIZ ROSENTHAL.—Last two of his historical "Bach to Brahms" series: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 13th, 8.30 (Liszt, Field, Thalberg, etc.); Sat., 16th, 3 (Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Brahms).

TOWNLEY-WILLIAMS.—Largely Chopin and Debussy, with Ravel, Rubinstein and Prokofieff: Grotrian Hall, Thurs., 14th, 8.30.

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN.—The programme includes Bach, Liszt, Ravel, Prokofieff: Queen's Hall, Tues., 19th, 8.30.

ENGEL LUND.—Folk songs from the Scandinavian, English, French, German and Yiddish: Wigmore Hall. Tues., 19th, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

CARLTON.—There's dancing again here every evening: special cabarets on Tuesday, which is extension night.

DORCHESTER.—The Hollywood Starlets are still here, but the show and the turns are new; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Mangan's all-American cabaret, with comedy numbers, as the show; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—Has a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes: no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The Jardin Fleuri cabaret changes fortnightly, and the turns take turns with dancing; Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

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(*Continued on page* x)

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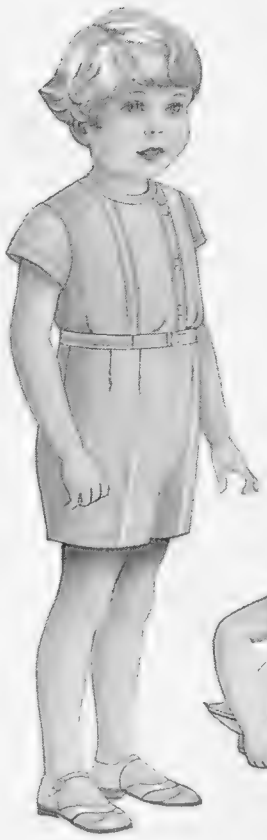

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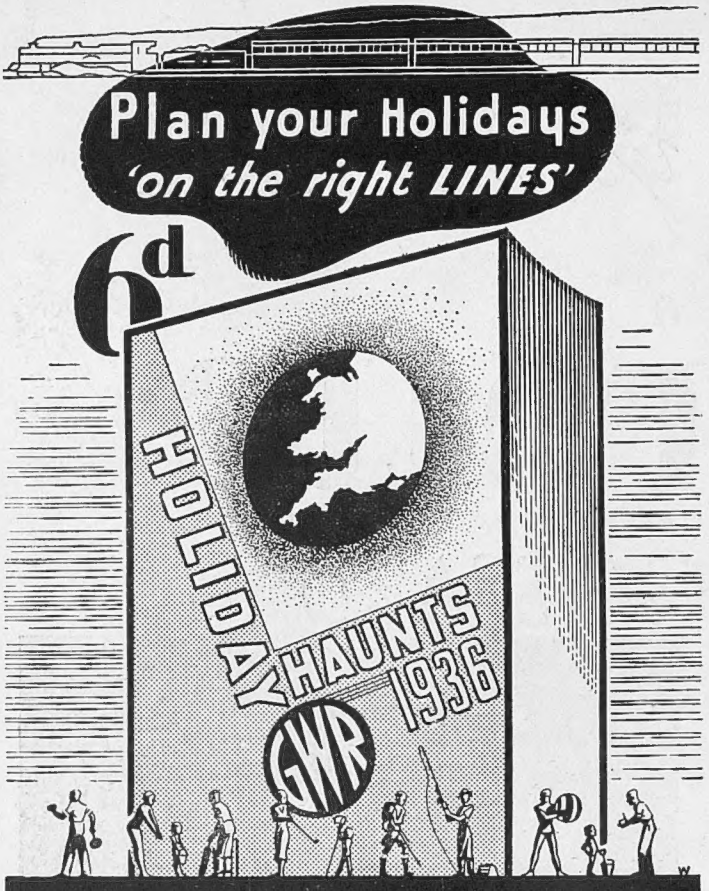

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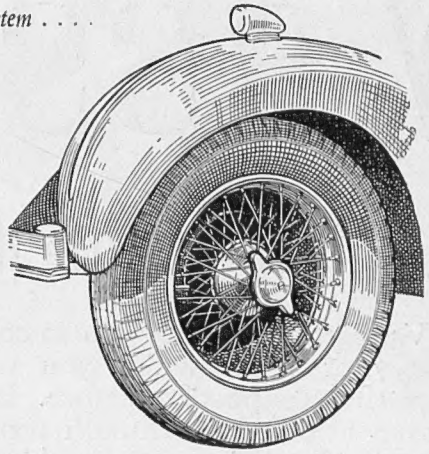

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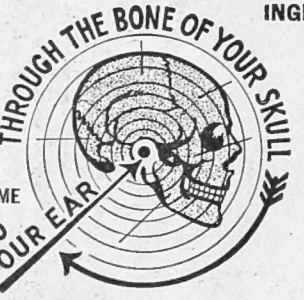

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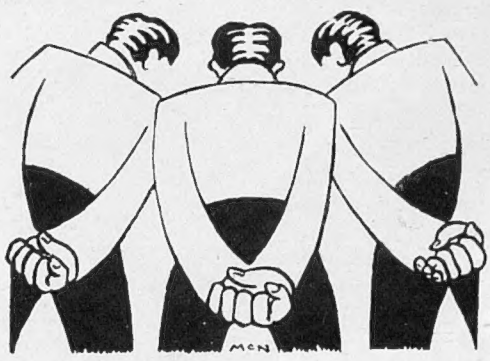

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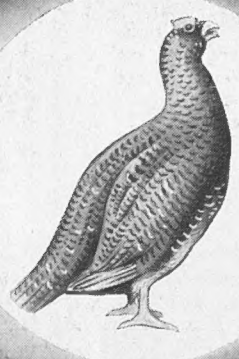

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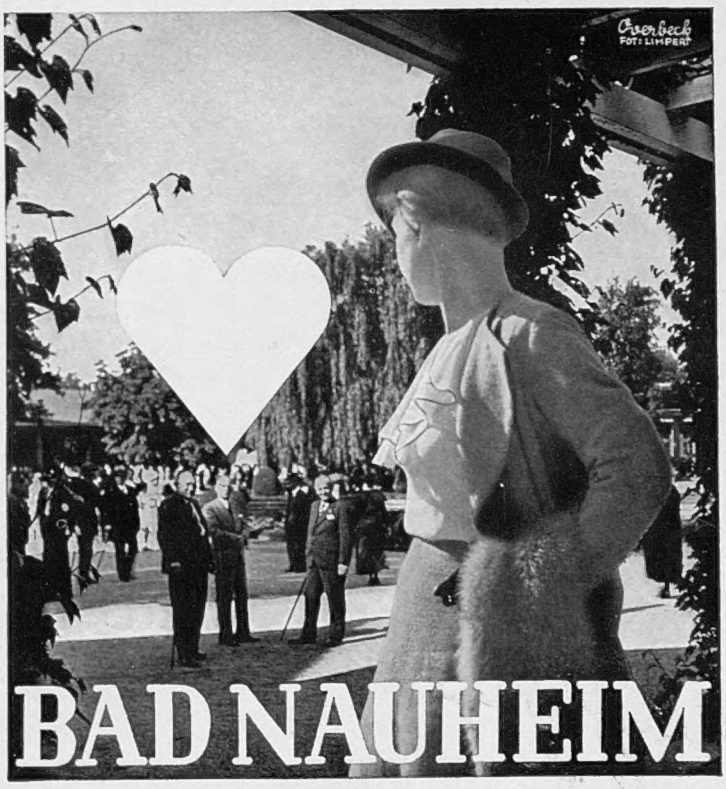

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